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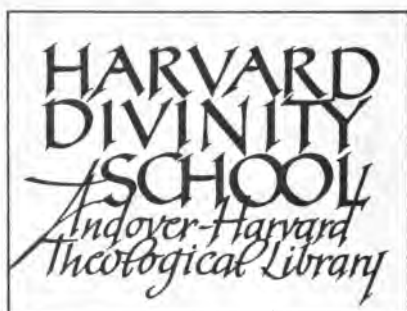
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OCCASIONAL
HYMNS.

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OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

(Original and Translated.)

BY

HERBERT KYNASTON, D.D.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, BREAD STREET HILL.

1862.

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1896

TO THE
CHURCHWARDENS AND CONGREGATION
OF THE
UNITED PARISHES OF ST. NICHOLAS COLE ABBEY
AND ST. NICHOLAS OLAVE

These Hymns,

WITH THE ENCOURAGEMENT
OF THEIR APPROVAL,
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.


“A *verse* may reach him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.”—GEORGE HERBERT.

THE Hymns now offered for a more extensive circulation in the completion of the series were written and printed separately for congregational use at a Special Evening Service, and distributed afterwards among the virtually non-resident members of my parish, and the poorer inhabitants whom I had earnestly invited to occupy, without priority or preference, the void places of a “City Church.”

The admonitory and instructive use of “Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs” for the religious edification of others, as well as the expression of our own joyous emotions in the Lord, is a primary object in the reasoning of the Apostle who with Silas so sang praises at Philippi that theirs were not the only prison doors opened, nor the only bands loosed,

when they were heard by others less enlightened and less joyous than themselves. The precepts and examples of the New Testament—if we except only the singing before the Throne itself in the Revelation—point also to private and social rather than public psalmody; and the prolixity of some of the noblest Hymns of the Latin Church,—of Prudentius, Damiani, Hildebert, St. Bernard, for instance,—almost precludes the idea of their having been composed for Service in the congregation, where, in fact, with slight exceptions they were never used, though much of their spirit and very phraseology survives in the psalmody of assemblies the farthest removed by time and place and religious sympathies from the age of their appearing in the world. Those, on the contrary, of Ambrose, majestic as they are in their passionless simplicity and stern rejection of poetic embellishment, in the same proportion as they were designed exclusively for the public service of the choir, supplied little instruction for the world without, and few incentives for private devotion where the sound of the Organ was not heard, and when “the full voiced anthem” swelling “the note of praise” through “fretted roof” had passed away.

There are many considerations which show the importance of our insisting so much on this *instructive*, *personal*, and *admonitory*, which is also the *subjective* element of Christian Hymnology, in contradistinction



to its *objective* character, and purely choral usage in the Church,—the compressed as well as expressive form in which we may thus shut up and convey the mightiest events, the most saving truths, the largest charities, the most comprehensive doctrines of the Faith of Christ, with the hearty emotions, the devout aspirations, and the lively experience of an individual believer,—and the difficulty in such a case of selecting any materials but the most solid and massive realities of our belief—this very limitation of the subject-matter tending not only to concentrate our individual attention on the more essential revelations of the one Gospel, but collectively to make us more and more harmonious members of the Body of the Lord, and the general company of faithful believers in the Church. That such is the tendency of our right use of “Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs,” we may judge when we see that the best age of their composition was one also of fast growing and thick coming corruptions, if not the worst darkness of the Western Church. Bonaventura’s Hymn “To the Cross” may qualify its exquisite purity and beauty by a too objective leaning to the material emblem of our Redemption; but in St. Bernard’s prolonged, passionate ejaculations to each portion of his Saviour’s Body, His Feet, His Hands, His Side, His Face, His Heart, represented not only by the Romish Crucifix as pierced before his eyes by nails or lance,

but an image constructed, it is said, to clasp him closely in a material embrace, what is there which the loving and beloved Disciple might not have uttered when he leaned on His Bosom, or sang with Him at the Supper, or stood by the Cross, or the womanly tenderness of Mary Magdalene when she held Him by the Feet and was told to "touch Him not"?

It is not easy to see why Sacred Lyric Poetry possesses, in general, so few attractions for even the Christian reader, except on the supposition that in public estimation it absolutely requires what Dean Milman concludes to have been essential for the full effectiveness of the best of the ancient Latin Hymns, the support of instrumental and choral music; or, as we may add, those dramatic embellishments which he has himself interwoven with his own majestic hymnology, and which constituted the chief power of the Chorus of Greek Tragedy of old; or the excitement of convivial exhilaration which the Apostle so solemnly repudiates, and which, in fact, belongs to an age that has passed away. It is equally true that indifferent poetry of this kind will be readily accepted in our Churches if set to moderately popular tunes, and that without music, outside the Church, the best will scarcely be read at all. Prudentius was to the critic's eye "*Christianus melior quam Poeta*;" Hildebert, in the judgment of a contemporary, an "*egregius*

versificator;" and Newton, in his preface to the Olney Hymns, lays down the rule that "the style and manner suited to the composition of hymns may be more successfully, or at least more easily attained by a *versifier*, than by a *poet*," and esteems it to have been a kind of condescension in Dr. Watts "to have restrained his fire in order to accommodate himself to the capacity of common readers."

My belief is rather, that both Hymn-writing and Hymn-writers owe their depreciation to the fact of their being no longer for the most part true to the essential, first beginnings of their own peculiar origin; and to their abandonment, in general, of that tone of religious, yet impassioned fervour, which, by the power of mutual sympathy, made the one speak to the million, and the million respond, as with one heart and ear, to the tongue of one. Strong personal emotions, or the reality of individual experience, were as necessary adjuncts of Lyric Poetry in general, in the very theory of its nature propounded by an Aristotle or Plato, as they are held by St. Paul to be the true source of a Psalm's exuberance, and therefore the full measure of its success. Add these supports, which are seldom more apparent than in his own Hymns, to the "perspicuity, simplicity, and ease," which Newton considers to be the sole requirements of such compositions, and which also he has himself beautifully exhibited no less than his more poetical fellow-labourer, Cowper, and

we may indulge the hope of a possibility of going as far and wide, and as nearly to the heart of the masses of the population as when a Wesley sang on the hill-side to assembled thousands, or a Bernard made his cloistered solitude vibrate with his heart-strings' music, and words flowing with the melodious abundance of the heart itself.

I shrink from mentioning my own unpretending compositions in immediate conjunction, as it were, with such examples, and such aspirations as these ; but as their matter seems to me to be purely Scriptural, and to include a whole range of Christian teaching, I commend them in this form to God's blessing for their lofty aim and intention, rather than to public criticism in their manifest inferiority to the high standard which I have myself proposed. . Whether apt or not for the teaching and admonition of others, they certainly fulfil the Apostolic requirements of a devout and joyous spontaneity of feeling, in "my own heart making melody to the Lord, and giving thanks always to God and the Father by Him."

They will be found, it is humbly hoped, enriched with the "indwelling Word of Christ," both in the selection and coherence of the subjects, and the copious illustrations,—by no means exclusively mediæval,—which indicate the first origin of not a few of the Evangelical songs most highly prized by the least sympathizing congregations of the Universal Church.


It cannot be denied that as the Psalms, the only spiritual songs, for the most part, of former days, are taking more and more generally their proper place in the Antiphonal chaunting of the choir, there is a growing demand for hymns of the later kind, which, to fulfil their higher purposes, should be fitted for the *reading* as well as the *singing* of the people, instead of being, as now, more and more inseparably wedded to the music with which they are mostly associated in the publications of the day.

The thousand years comprehended within the range of these translations include at either extremity the double source of the hymnology of ancient and modern times, St. Jerome's Latin version of the Holy Scriptures, the motive and the material of the spiritual songs of the Western Church, and our own Bible and Prayer-Book, rendered in the speech which, with God's blessing, seems to promise to be a chief medium of His future revelations to the whole family of man. Both were, in opposite ways, effectually available for such a purpose ; the one as severely and distinctly terminating the age of a heathenish and inamalgable literature ; the other going out of the Garden of Life, parted thence to the lands of poetry where there is gold, and the gold is good, and compassing from these one half the surface of the Christian world.

Would that, sensible of the facilities thus afforded

for the establishment of a world-wide as well as a popular hymnology of the Church of England by this commingling of the double streams of the Biblical and the poetic language of our people, our Milmans and our Kebles, nay, the poets also, who are only of the earth, earthy, would lend their aid to the completion of the work to which too few hands were set of those which now, we hope, hold golden harps in heaven !

Would that, instead of leaving to Germany the glory of raising, on the foundation of ancient Latin Hymns and Martin Luther's translation of the Scriptures, the superstructure of the only national psalmody of modern times, our noble writers would, with the same and nobler opportunities, use this means also of *teaching* and *admonishing* the untaught and unmindful of our own people: would God that "every one had a psalm," and every psalm "a doctrine, a revelation, an interpretation," within our Churches, for the believers, learned and unlearned, and "a tongue" for those without, the ignorant and the unbeliever, in all the world !



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1. THE WORD MADE FLESH.

St. John i. 14; Ps. xix. 4—6.

St. Ambrose, Fourth Century.

“Veni Redemptor Gentium.”

ST. AMBROSE. L. M.

COME, Saviour, come! to all the earth
Proclaim the wonder of Thy birth;
Till ages bless Thy natal morn,
And own their God must thus be born.

Not from the blood or will of man
The Word made flesh His race began;
From holiest Heaven, earth's brightest boast,
Pure maidhood and the Holy Ghost:

His gates with orient light impearl'd
The Bridegroom leaves, to stride the world,
His Godhead's might in manhood flesh'd,
Like giant steps with sleep refresh'd.

He goes from God His course to run,
 Returning when the day is done;
 In Hell eclipsed and hid from sight,
 Then shining with redoubled light.

With God, Eternal Father, One,
 Gird, mighty Lord, Thy mortal zone;
 That our vile flesh to Thee subdued
 May daily be with strength renew'd.

A glory o'er the midnight roll'd
 Turns e'en Thy manger's shades to gold:
 O may no night our faith obscure
 Still shining in that Light secure!

2. COLLECT FOR ADVENT.

Romans xiii. 11—14.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

ALMIGHTY God, while yet 'tis night
 With armour clothe us of the light,
 And give us grace before the Day
 To cast the works of night away;

Now in this mortal life, with shame
 To visit us where Jesus came ;
 That when again, with glory led,
 He comes to judge the quick and dead,
 In all His Majesty array'd,
 Our light in Him may be display'd ;
 Through Him to life immortal soar,
 Who lives with Thee for evermore !—Amen.

3. THE LORD'S KNOCKING.

Cant. v. 2 ; Rev. iii. 20 ; St. Luke xx. 25—31.

JUDGMENT. P.M.

THE night is far spent, and the Day is at hand,
 There are signs in the heaven, and signs on the land,
 In the wavering earth, and the drouth of the sea,—
 But He stands and He knocks, Sinner, nearer to thee.

His night-winds but whisper until the day break
 To the Bride, for in slumber her heart is awake :
 He must knock at the sleep where the revellers toss
 With the dint of the Nails and the shock of the Cross.

Look out at the casement, see how He appears,
 Still weeping for thee all Gethsemane's tears ;
 Ere they plait Him earth's thorns, in its solitude crown'd
 With the drops of the night and the dews of the ground.

Will you wait ; will you slumber until He is gone,
 Till the beam of the timber cry out to the stone ; *
 Till He shout at thy sepulchre, † tear it apart,
 And knock at the dust, Who would speak to thy heart ?

4. THE NOBLE BEREANS.

Acts xvii. 11 ; Romans xv. 4—6.

ABRIDGE. C. M.

How precious is the written Word,
 When visions pass away,
 As more and more the Prophets pore,
 Who watch the coming Day ! ‡

* Hab. ii. 11. † 1 Thess. iv. 16. ‡ 1 Sam. iii. 1 ; 1 Pet. i. 10—12.

How shine the feet, in twilight chills,
 With Gospel radiance shod,*
 They stand with sunshine on the hills,
 They hail the rising God !

How happy they who day by day
 Still o'er the message bend,
 The congregation never parts,
 The Sabbaths never end !

The roses on her sunny steep
 Breathe no such fragrant dews, †
 As when Berea, flush'd with sleep,
 That morning life renews.

The earth shall melt, the starry scrolls
 Shall vanish from the sky ;
 Enshrined within those living souls,
 The Word shall never die.

* Is. lii. 7 ; Eph. vi. 15.

† Near Berea grew roses of unusual beauty.—Herod. viii. cxxxviii.

5. THE MORNING WATCH.

Is. xxi. 6; Neh. iv. 19, 20; 2 Pet. i. 19.

BRADFORD. P. M.

WHERE watchers nightly rounding
Pace Sion's rampart walls,
Or e'er the trumpet sounding
Awake the battle calls;
While hidden foes beleaguer,
Before the morning light,
Hark, hark, the cry how eager!
"Watchman, what of the night?"

"The work is large," the keepers
Are few, and far between;
And drown'd in sloth the sleepers
Dream on, though day is seen:
The first faint streaks of dawning
The watchers scarce descry;
"The night comes with the morning"
Dark in the eastern sky.

To Ishmaelitish Dumah

They call from Pharpar's rills ;
 A terror shakes from Cuma
 Rome's everlasting hills : *
 He is not there,—His shining
 Is as the lightning blast,
 The east and west entwining,
 Yet in a moment past.

Though nation lift with nation
 A thousand flags unfurl'd,
 Thy King with observation
 Comes not to judge the world :
 His dawning is within thee,
 Ere yet the shadows part,
 Arising still to win thee,
 The Day star of the heart.

* Hab. iii. 6.

6. MINISTERING ANGELS IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

St. Matt. xxv. 31 ; Heb. i. 14.

“And not thus only does He make His discourse terrible, but also in showing the *Heavens emptied*. For *all* the angels will be with Him, He says, themselves also witnessing how much they ministered, sent by the Lord, for the Salvation of mankind.”—Chrysostom (Hom. lxxix.) on St. Matt. xxv. 31.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. P.M.

HARK ! the Trumpet, earth's four regions
Parting at the Garden head,
Empties Heaven of all its Legions,
Beggars Hell of all its dead :
All who sang the globe's creation,
Caroll'd when the Christ was born,
Reap the world's Regeneration,
Thrust their sickle in the corn.

O, to see them write in glory
All they pictured once in gloom,
See who wiped the damp-drops gory,
Smooth'd His Graveclothes in the Tomb ;

See what brows were bent before Him
 When the mourner sought Him there,
 See them now with thee adore Him,
 Magdalena, in the air !

Should one Angel thence be parted,
 One who minister'd to Life,
 Binding once the brokenhearted,
 Crowning now the battle strife ?
 He who o'er the Hill of Sion
 Drave the deathful whirlwind past,
 Chain'd the Babylonish lion,
 Walk'd upon the furnace blast.

Who from shroudless destitution
 Bears the beggar to his rest ;
 Spread the worms of retribution
 On the tyrant's purpled breast ; *
 Now the guarding and the guarded
 Crowd the Judgment seat in one ;
 Soon rewarding and rewarded
 Part no more before the Throne.

* Is. xiv. 11 ; Acts xii. 21—23.

7. A HYMN OF JUDGMENT.

Is. xxv. 6—9 ; 1 Cor. iv. 5.

Authorship unknown—Twelfth Century.

“ Dies illa, dies vitæ.”

CHICHESTER. P. M.

DAY of Life, all sorrows ending,
Day when Death itself shall die,
All the vail of darkness rending
On the mountain, on the sky :
Travail'd for in all Creation
Light shall now no more delay,
Crowning prayer with swift Salvation,
Wiping every tear away.

O what blissful joy's endearing,
Hearts so weary and so sore,
Those who loved His first appearing
Now to see and love Him more !
O what rapture, O what pleasure,
Now no worldly joys to love ;
O what sorrow now no treasure
There to find amass'd above !

8. THE STEEP PATHWAY.

Philipp. iv. 4—7; Is. xxx. 18—21, xxxiii. 17, 18.

Authorship and Century unknown.

“Jactatus undis naufragis.”

BEDFORD. C. M.

By wreckful billows fiercely tost,
Thrust from the Heavenly shore,
Man needs his Maker's hand, or lost
He sinks, to rise no more.

But, O, how hardly do we climb,
Sore let and hinder'd still,
Though led by Him, surmounting time
By sorrow's rugged hill !

His hands must hew, and shape anew
The stones, or e'er they rise ;
No sound of blows, where fitted grows
The Building in the skies.*

* 1 Kings vi. 7 ; Eph. ii. 21.

When sorrow lets, the Cross He sets,
 Like stairs with glory strown,
 Where to and fro the angels show
 The steps before the Throne.

How ill the bloom of dalliance sweet
 The Christian's path adorns !
 Should roses fall before the feet
 Whose Head was crown'd with Thorns ?

9. THE BABE IN THE MANGER.

St. Luke ii. 12, 16 ; 2 Cor. viii. 9.

Mauburn, Fifteenth Century.

" Heu, quid jaces stabulo ? "

HINDOO LULLABY. P. M.

SWATH'D, and feebly wailing,
 Wherefore art Thou laid,
 All Thy glory vailing
 In the manger's shade ?

King, and yet no royal
Purple decks Thy breast ;
Courtiers mute and loyal
Bend not o'er Thy rest !

Sinner, here I sought thee,
Here I made my home,
All my wealth I brought thee,
Vile am I become ;
All thy loss redressing
On my birthday morn,
Give my Godhead's blessing
In a stable born.

Thousand, thousand praises,
Jesu ! for Thy love,
While my spirit gazes
With the Host above ;
Glory in the highest
For Thy wondrous birth,
Lowly where Thou liest
Peace and love on earth !

10. THE FIRST MARTYR.

Acts vi. 55—60.

Adam of St. Victor, Twelfth Century.

"Hæri mundus exultavit."

ST. ASAPH. P. M.

MINGLING with the shouts of earth,
Through the wide world joyous ringing
For thy Living Saviour's Birth,—
With the herald Angels' singing
"Glory be to God on high,"—
Stephen, sounds thy dying cry !

Full of wisdom, full of grace,
Holy Martyr, holy Deacon !
As with Angel light thy face
Shines illumined from that Beacon,
Where the angry billows rise
Piloting thee to the skies.

Scared, like blinking beasts, that Light,
On thy radiant forehead shining,
Backward drives upon the night
All thy foes, the fray declining ;

So, themselves to truth foresworn,
Lying witness they suborn.

Heavenly Champion, quit thee well,
With thy wisdom's might disputing,
All that Synagogue of Hell
With the Spirit's power refuting ;
Momentary lips that lie
With eternal Truth defy !

Truth and faithfulness Divine,
All thine innocence attesting,
Heavenly witnesses are thine ;
All the waves of torment breasting
Get thee to the shining shore,
Crown thy brows for evermore !

II.

"Pro corond non marcenti."

DEATH shall be thy birthday morn,
For the glory's light unfading
Of thy Martyr travails born,
Briefly bear thy pains' upbraiding ;
All these tongues' fatiguing strife
Are the rudiments of Life.

With Faith's upward glancing eye,
 With the Spirit's living thunder,
 Stephen penetrates the sky,
 Rends the rolling clouds asunder ;
 Sees his Saviour's dawning Day,
 Sees, and yearns to soar away.

Shout and tell them what you see,
 Jesus, on God's right hand standing ;
 Stephen, look ! He fights for thee,
 Succour to thy side commanding—
 Split the unbeliever's ear,—
 Though he sees not, let him hear !

“Take my spirit, Jesu Lord !”
 So he prays, his soul commending,
 Ere he breathe life's parting word,
 Underneath the stones descending—
 Keep their garments, stony Saul,
 Stoning with the stones of all !

From that sin to set them free,
 For his slayers Grace Atoning,
 Son of God ! he asks of Thee,
 Kneels to Prayer beneath the stoning :
 So he who Thy precepts keeps
 In Thee, Jesu ! sweetly sleeps.

11. ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

St. John i. 1 ; 1 John i. 1—4 ; Rev. i. 1, 2.

School of Adam of St. Victor, Thirteenth Century.

“ Verbum Dei, Deo Natum.”

ARNHEIM. P. M.

GOD-BEGOTTEN, God The Word,
Son, not made, nor yet created,
Jesus, The Incarnate Lord,
He who saw what he related,
Sees on earth, and hears, and handles,
Sees in Heaven amid the Candles.*

Parted at the living springs
Flow the Gospels, earthward streaming ;
Only John, to feast us, brings
Bright, Celestial waters gleaming,
Clear as crystal, shining rivers
From the Throne to man delivers.

* Rev. i. 13.

Heaven o'erleaping there he flies,
 On the true Sun's glory blazing
 Steadfast sets his eagle eyes,
 With the Spirit's lightning gazing ;
 Sees Whom Seraphs worship dreading
 Underneath the wings outspreading.

Round the amber's circling zone
 Sees the shining Harpers stringing
 All their harps before the Throne ;
 Hears the white-robed Elders singing :
 With the Triune's Title dinting
 Stamps our tribute-worship's minting.

II.

"Volat avis sine metâ."

BOUNDLESS still his pinions soar,
 With their sunlit plumage thrilling,
 Where no Prophet flew before ;
 Truth fulfill'd, and truth fulfilling,
 Visions never seal'd so surely
 Purer spirit saw more purely.

Seen, and yet obscurely known,
 Robed in Edom's garments regal,
 Lo ! the Bridegroom from the Throne
 Sends His Spouse Ezekiel's eagle,
 Through the storm-clouds swiftly wheeling,
 All His Mysteries unsealing.

Tell us, Loved one, of His love,
 Tell the Spouse of her betrothing,
 Of His Angel Food above,
 Of her righteous bridal clothing ;
 Tell her all the Feast's endearing
 Is her Heavenly Lord's appearing.

Nearer to the Living Bread,
 On His loving Breast reclining,
 Tell us of the Sainted Dead,
 At His Marriage Supper shining,
 Lamb and Lord with us confessing,
 Worthy of eternal blessing !

12. THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

St. Matt. ii. 16—18; Rev. xiv. 4, 5.

Prudentius, Fourth Century.

"Salvete, flores Martyrum."

HINDOO LULLABY. P. M.

HAIL, Martyr sweets deflower'd,
On morning's lintels cast,
Like blossoms thickly shower'd
Before the icy blast ;
First grains of glory sifted,
Death's threshing-floor o'erstrown,
Ere Pilgrim's Palm is lifted,
Disporting with the Crown !

One tells the trembling Tyrant
By faction's fury torn,
To David's throne aspirant
A King of kings is born :

“Ho, guards,” he cries in anger,
 “Go crush the rebel brood,
 And search within that manger,
 And drown his swaths in blood” !

On light’s first confines sobbing
 They tear the babes to death ;
 And scan life’s channels throbbing
 With faint, first pulse of breath :
 O sight all hearts dismaying,
 Scarce on the tiny foe
 The ruthless falchion slaying
 Finds where to deal the blow !

O treason unavailing,
 Ill have thy minions sped !
 In all that life’s assailing
 The precious Child has fled ;
 Full many wedded mothers
 Their voice shall yet refrain ;
 The Virgin-born those brothers
 Still lives to bring again.*

* Jer. xxxi. 16, 17.

13. NAME OF JESUS.

Salvation.

Luke ii. 21 ; Acts iv. 12 ; Philipp. ii. 10.

CHORAL SYMPHONY, BEETHOVEN. P. M.

NAME Him, Angels, with Salvation,
With the promise of His birth,
With the praise whose exaltation
Bows all knees in heaven and earth ;
None is pleaded,
None was needed
Other for His Cross of shame ;
Saving solely,
Saving wholly,
Call Him by none other NAME !

Healing.

St. John v. 15 ; Acts iv. 30.

MIGHTY NAME, Thy one confessing
Makes all streams of mercy flow,
Thoroughly stirs the pool of blessing,
Builds a porch for every woe :

Former healing
 All repealing,
 Angel visits from the skies,
 Long time lying,
 Sick and dying,
 Only JESUS bids us rise.

Prayer.

St. John xvi. 24.

NAME of JESUS, sweet as manna
 Cloud-dropt through the desert air,
 Soaring in the loud HOSANNA,
 Sinking on the lip of care !
 He baptizes,
 Ere He rises
 High in heaven to meet it there,
 Feebly wailing,
 Now prevailing,
 His disciples' infant PRAYER.

14. THE INCREASING DAY.

(FOR THE NEW YEAR.)

Is. xxxviii. 8; Ps. xix. 1—6; Prov. iv. 18.

Prudentius, Fourth Century.

"Quid est quod arctum circulum."

WITTEMBERG. P. M.

WHY from its circle dwindled
Rolls back yon sun the night ?
Has Christ, the Dayspring, kindled
His chariot wheels with light ?
How near, its glories quenching,
The noon sank down to die,
Its measured torch retrenching,
Deep in the southern sky !

Now morn's replenish'd vial
Has bathed the earth and seas,
As on the stinted dial
She claims her lost degrees :

Light's purest sources blending.
Incarnate Heaven on earth,
Shine out, blest Babe, amending
The year's imperfect birth !

Long with the Father staying,
His Image bright exprest
Was hid, its Life delaying,
Ere man was wholly blest ;
Though earth and light created
Arose beneath His nod,
The Flesh was still belated,
The Word was only God.

What joyous hopes were teeming
Within that gentle breast ;
What days of sunshine streaming
In glory to the west !
The world's regeneration
That faint Birth-cry began ;
And, new born to Salvation,
The golden ages ran.

15. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Numbers xxiv. 17; Ps. lxxii. 10; St. Matt. ii. 11.

Prudentius, Fourth Century.

"En Persici ex orbis sinu."

JENA. P.M.

FROM daylight's portals, burning
With incense to the sun,
They come, the Wise, discerning
His royal march begun :
Before that Sign's bright dawning
The stars have paled their light;
The ray-crown'd prince of morning
Slopes back upon the night.

"Where is the host's assembling
Of Him that rules the day,"—
They ask,—“Whom heaven with trembling
Thus marshals on His way?
This is the Gentile lightening
Before His people's face,
The promised Glory brightening
On Abram and his race.”

Still on, with brows uplifted,
The way-worn elders crept ;
Their beacon never drifted,
Their eyelids never slept ;
Till low in worship bending
The Star their fears beguiled,
And quench'd his torch descending
Upon the radiant Child.

And now, while they adore Him,
Their treasures are unroll'd,
The threefold gifts before Him,
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold ;
The spice their God confessing,
Their gold His regal bloom ;
And yet the myrrh is blessing
His Body to the Tomb.

16. THE STAR IN THE EAST.

St. Matt. ii. 1—10.

Prudentius, Fourth Century.


Quicumque Christum quaeritis."

ST. AUGUSTINE. S. M.

O YE who seek the Christ,
Lift up, lift up your eyes,
Where flashes bright perennial light
His standard in the skies !

That Star, which far outshines
The brightness of the sun,
Tells how on earth the Incarnate Birth
His Glory has begun.

Not vassal'd to the night,
It holds its regal sway ;
Nor pales its gleams to moonlight beams,
The Empress of the day.



The lights that never set,
Still whirling round the pole,
Their blunted rim with darkness dim
In shadow as they roll :

This Star for ever shines,
It slopes not to the west,
Nor hides its torch in morning's porch,
When night has sunk to rest.

Hence, baneful Comets all,
That blast the flowery sod !
The stars above look down with love,
Since earth is born to God.

17. THE UNBELIEF OF ISRAEL.

St. John i. 11 ; Is. i. 3.

Prudentius, Fourth Century.

"O sancta praesepis tui."

OLD EIGHTY-FIRST. D. C. M.

O SWADDLING-CLOTHES, O Manger bless'd,
Where lay my Saviour Lord,
Ere yet the Angel Host confess'd,
By brutes themselves adored !
The patient ox his owner knows,
The ass his master's stall ;
His people, while the Gentile bows,
Are unbelieving all.

Him, whom the lowly mother gave,
The shed, the swathing bands,
A helpless Child, yet born to save,
A Prince in all thy lands,—
Him, Israel, thou shalt one day see
Girt with the lightning cloud ;
And turn to hide thyself, and flee,
And wail, and weep aloud.

For when the blazing Trumpet's sound
 The vast creation fires;
 And starry axles to the ground
 Shall cast their flaming tires;
 That Infant's Sign on all the strife
 His Angels then shall write,
 To part thee to eternal life,
 Or everlasting night.

18. THE SEARCH FOR JESUS.

St. Luke ii. 41—51; St. Matt. xviii. 11, 12.

MANHEIM. P.M.

GENTLE seekers, Christ ye win not
 While ye seek Him by the way;
 Where the festal crowds begin not,
 Where His business is to stay,
 In His Father's House of Prayer
 Seek, and ye shall find Him there.

O that one day's journey weary !
 How was it ye sought Him not ?
 Wist ye not your souls were dreary
 While He cast not in His lot ?
 Homeward thoughts, had they beguiled
 Mother parted from her Child ?

Shall He know not when we lose Him
 Knowing, weeping every loss ?
 Seeking us what sorrows bruise Him,
 Thirsting, bleeding on the Cross,
 Spear, and Nails, and Thorn-crown tell,
 And the Three Days' search in Hell.

Jesus sits ; ye Scribes, adore Him,
 Wisdom's lords, yourselves be wise ;
 Ye shall stand to plead before Him,
 Congregated in the skies,
 When the world its Judge has found,
 Seated mid the Angels crown'd.

Hear Him, learn Him, O ye Preachers,
 Ask and answer, ye that learn ;
 Learners, haply too and teachers
 For one saving word shall yearn ;
 Prophet was there once before,
 Silent now for evermore !

Now thou hast thy prayer's ensuing,
 Mother, chid, but follow'd still;
 Wist ye not He must be doing
 Father's business, parents' will?
 Home and Temple, sky and nest,
 Striving which shall rear Him best.

19. THE CHURCH SEEKING SOULS.

Isaiah lx. 8.

MOSCOW. P.M.

CHURCH, thou mother of all living,
 Seek thy sons beyond the deep;
 Thine 'tis now to sit with Teachers,
 Theirs to wander and to weep,
 Waiting to be subject to thee,
 To be folded with the sheep.

As the turtle earthward flutters,
Leaning on the storm-drift high,
Where the jutty pumice mutters,
Loop'd and window'd to the sky,
All her bosom's cooing utters
Now the callow brood is nigh.

Who are these that fly, with pinions
Streaming like a silver cloud?
Parted earth and sea's dominions
Bringing in the Gentile crowd;
Sheba's camels, ships of Tarshish,
With their freight of Glory bow'd.

Not in kinsfolk's congregation
Now He answers to thy call;
In the Temple of Creation,
Where the knees of nations fall,
In the world's confederation,
Sitting in the midst of all.

20. THE THREE EPIPHANIES.

St. Matthew ii. 2, iii. 16, 17; St. John ii. 1—11.

WINCHESTER. C. M.

WHAT needs my Saviour yet, that earth
Should all His Glory own?
Not Cana's Wine, nor Star-lit Birth,
Nor Voices from the Throne.

The Work, the Ordinance, the Word—
Fix'd load-stars of the soul—
Still guide us to the Living Lord,
Still shine from pole to pole.

Not in Bethesda's troubled Pool,
Nor brimming Jordan's flood,
The Lamb made sins white as His Wool,
Till crimson'd with His Blood.

Signs, Miracles, and Tongues decline
Before the living Three;
He keeps till now the better Wine,
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

21. THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

(FOR THE FEAST OF THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.)

Acts ix. 13, 15; 1 Tim. i. 15, 16.

Adam of St. Victor, Twelfth Century.

"Corde, voce pulsa coelos."

ST. JOHN'S. P. M.

GENTILE Church, for him that taught thee
Strike the skies with joyous din;
For the Sinners' Chief who brought thee
Pardon for thy utmost sin!
Paul for thee his course has run,
Kept the Faith, the battle won.

Wolf of Benjamin! to flee thee
When the Flock was scatter'd wide,
Who that morning dream'd to see thee
Couch'd with lambs at eventide;*
Ere the daystar cleaves the night
Shining in the gospel light?

* Gen. xlix. 27; Is. xi. 6.

Smitten down from persecution,
 Feebly from his deadly swoon
 To his blasphemy's ablution
 Led in darkness at the noon:
 Breathing fury, breathing death,
 Breathed upon with Heavenly breath!

Chosen Vessel, to the Nations
 Bearing Truth and Grace divine,
 All the stony Law's lustrations
 Blushing with the Saviour's Wine;
 Jews and Proselytes untold
 Bringing all within the Fold!

Christ, the Crucified, his teaching;
 Christ his life, and death his gain;
 All the Cross his only preaching,
 All the solace of his chain:
 There His labour, there His rest,
 Daily dying, daily blest.


22. THE FIRST DISCIPLE.

St. John ii. 1—11 ; St. Luke ii. 19, 51, xi. 27, 28 ;
Acts i. 14 ; Ruth ii. 2, 15, 16, 19.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

FIRST gleaner in the paths of Light,
Before the noontide ray,
Among the sheaves, or ears He leaves
Along the reapers' way,
Ere signs begin empower'd to win
His glory's first display,
Celestial Ruth, that store of truth
Where hast thou glean'd to-day ?

O handmaid more than mother bless'd,
The better grace was thine,
To form Him in thy heart with faith,
Not human but Divine ;
Thine ear to lean where founts unseen
Their mazy streams entwine ;
Thy soul to flush, or ever blush
The waterpots with wine.



Still bright and near she pictures clear
 The Angels as they pass,
 As when the shining harpers stand
 Upon the Sea of glass :
 Yea, Symeon, though the sword shall tear
 That gentle scroll in twain,
 The legends shrined in that pure mind
 Shall sparkle all again.

And while the flock the Spirit's shock
 Waits, all things to prepare,
 With watchful eye His mother nigh
 Still clings, to worship there ;
 Fresh from the Cross, to heal her loss,
 On Him cast all her care,
 And lift the hands, the swaddling bands
 Which placed, to Him in prayer.

And now with them, array'd in light,
 She shouts the Marriage Song ;
 No wiser virgin trimm'd her lamp,
 No purer leads the throng :
 Yet with the least of Cana's feast,
 Still lowly sinking down,
 She bends to Him, before the Throne
 First casts her golden crown.

23. THE WELLS OF SALVATION.

Isaiah xii. 3, lv. 1 ; St. John vii. 37 ; Rev. xxii. 1, 17.

Damiani, Eleventh Century.

" Ad perennis vitæ fontem."

MOSCOW. P.M.

For the fount of living waters
Panting, like the weary hart,
Prison'd beats my soul its barriers,
Madly striving to depart ;
Walks about, and frets and struggles
Homes forsaken to regain,
Drags at each remove, untravell'd
Pilgrim still, a lengthen'd chain :
Pines the blessing by transgressing
Lost to earth, in dreary mood ;
Bitter makes a present sorrow
Thinking of departed good.

Purified of inwrought leaven,
Sinning there they know no more ;
Spirit now is flesh, and spirit
What was only flesh before ;

Peace, intensest peace, enjoying,
 Stumbling ways no more to scan,
 Changed from every shift of changing,
 Mount they where their life began :
 Present, not through glasses darkly,
 See the Glory, face to face,
 Lift their pitchers to the fountain
 Welling with eternal grace.

Bathed anew in heavenly lavers
 Hence they keep their first estate,
 Vivid, jocund, brightly sitting
 O'er the water-floods of fate :
 Sickness comes not to the healthy,
 Lovely youth fears no decay,
 Hence they grasp eternal essence,
 For to pass hath pass'd away ;
 Thus decay itself declining,
 In celestial vigour rife,
 Mortal with immortal blending
 Death they swallow up in life.

24. THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

St. Matt. viii. 28—34 ; St. Mark v. 1—20, vii. 31—37 ;
St. Luke viii. 26—39.

HINDOO AIR. P. M.

Foolish people, wherefore
Bid the Lord depart ?
He is loving, therefore
Spurn him from thy heart !
Shall not Jesus enter,
In thy cities dwell,
Binding thy tormentor,
Quenching all his hell ?

Christ is on His way gone,
Link thy sever'd chain,
Patch thy broken Dagon,
Set him up again :
Shall he not secure thee
To his iron rod,
Crying, " I abjure Thee
Jesus, Son of God " ?

His Disciples near Him
Stand, His works to prove,
Ask them, need ye fear Him,
Gracious God of Love ?
Ask them, from His pillow
How the sleeper rose,
Smooth'd the angry billow,
Healed all their woes ?

Him who had the Legion
Ask, if ye would know,
Whom in all the region
He will follow now ?
He would still be clinging
To his Saviour's knee ;
But He sends him bringing
All his love to thee.

Sit not still beside Him
With the faithful few,
They who have denied Him
Need Him more than you :
Mercies yet may linger,
As He moves along,
Touches of His finger,
Dewdrops of His tongue.

25. THE SEVENTH DAY.

Genesis i. 31, ii. 2 ; Revelation x. 1—7.

CREATION. D. L. M.

MUTE watcher on the golden walls,
Why slumber now thy trumpet calls ?
Six days, and still the vesper chime
To morning peal'd the knell of time :
Is there no voice in earth or heaven
To ring full out the mystic Seven ?
No eve, responsive to the morn,
To tell, the Sabbath-Day is born ? *

First bless'd in all Creation's birth,
Above the heavens, beyond the earth,
The light, the firmament, the sea,
Are all created new in thee ;

*“ In the very beginning of the newly-created world, though the Scripture prefixes each day with the morning and the evening, when it has reached the Sabbath, it names neither of them, to prove, as it were, that day to be absolutely without beginning or ending.”—Damiani (eleventh century).

The Angel with the rainbow crown'd
Stays now for thee the thunders' sound,
Bestrides at once the sea and shore,
And shouts that Time shall be no more.

And suns may rise and sink again,
Above the skies, beneath the plain ;
Man delves the cavern, mines the steep,
Till eve bedews his lids with sleep :
No night, no morn, no daylight's throes,
No twilight streaks the Sabbath knows ;
Sevenfold its light, seven worlds begun
Is now the Sabbath-Day in one.

One lagging watch of weary night,
And then a thousand years of light ;
The myriad ages as they throng
Are but the pulses of the Song ;
Faint rippings of the tideless Sea
Which was and ever is to be ;
Yet shines not to the Perfect Day,
Till former things have pass'd away.

26. THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

St. Matt. xx. 1—16.

MANCHESTER. C. M.

O WEARY, weary Market-place !
Why stand we idle there ?
Our working times thrice told the chimes
Which rang the soul to prayer.

How can we say, no man hath hired,
Baptized with morning's dew,
For work to wait, till reason's gate
Light's fingers open drew ?

We work or pray but with the day ;
If once the night begin,
No Market-place to idly pace,
No wages then to win !

One hour believe, and, though 'tis eve,
Once to the Saviour cry !
He bore thy scorn from noon, from morn,
Yet calls when night is nigh.

Day's choicest hours Thy toil was ours,
 O Lord, upon the Tree ;
 His Prayer he won, though work was none,
 Who turn'd at last to Thee.

27. THE ALLELUIA'S CEASING IN THE
 CHURCH.

Rev. xix. 1—6; Ps. cxxxvii. 1—4.

Authorship and Century unknown.

"Alleluia, dulce carmen."

BENEDICTION. P. M.

ALLELUIA, music sweetest,
 Voice of everflowing praise,
 Alleluia, anthem meetest
 Where they rest not, nights nor days,
 Holy, Holy, Holy saying,
 In God's House for ever staying !

Alleluias ever singing,
 Sion, thou art ever bless'd ;
 We the while, our harps unstringing,
 Mutely weep with sins oppress'd,
 Where the chequered willows quiver,
 By sad Chebar's lonely river.

Alleluias without ending
 How shall we presume to sing,
 With our sins and sorrows bending
 Soon in sackcloth to the King ?
 Alleluia's voice refraining
 Better suits our hearts' complaining.

Holy Lord God, Holy, Holy,
 Grant us yet to feast above,
 Singing Alleluias solely,
 In Thy Passover of love,
 Never weary, ceasing never,
 In Thy Heaven of Heavens for ever!*

* The primitive Lutheran Churches conformed to the custom of intermitting the Alleluia from Septuagesima to Easter Sunday ; saying that, "though we ought each of us every day to praise God with rejoicing, yet it was better in this respect to adhere to the ancient practice of the Western Church."

28. THE GLORY OF PARADISE.

Genesis ii. 8—15; Rev. xxi. 19—25, xxii. 1, 2.

Damiani, Eleventh Century.

"Nam quis promat summæ pacis."

VIENNA. P.M.

*Part of
as present
vital
fountain*

Who may tell what God is storing
For His people's blissful rest,
Where with jewell'd portals soaring
Shine the mansions of the blest?
Thrones all gold, and golden ceiling,
For the saintly presence meet,
Gold, like crystal seas, annealing
Solid pathways for their feet.

There no winter's icy finger,
There no summer frets the clime;
But the purple roses linger
With an everlasting prime:
Vials gold soft incense breathing
Spice the aromatic breeze;
Fruits at once and blossom wreathing,
Spring and autumn crown the trees.

Pale sick moons no more are pining,
 Stars bespangle not the night;
 God is now the City's shining,
 And the Lamb its living light:
 Years, with all their chaplets hoary,
 To the past have fled away;
 For each saint is crown'd with glory,
 Shining to the perfect day.

Loud his Jubilate singing,
 Echoes each to other's notes,
 With the roar of organs ringing
 Halleluia's thousand throats:
 Eyes with weight of glory drooping
 Some, before the Throne sublime.
 Bend to see the planets stooping
 Earthward on the wings of time.

29. JESUS PASSING.

St. Luke xviii. 35—43 ; Canticles ii. 8.

MOUNT OF OLIVES. P.M.

HARK, the footfalls of Salvation
Leaping sound upon the hills ;
Swell the spring-time's exultation,
Gushing with a thousand rills ;
Jesus passing, throngs amassing,
All the air with music fills.

Though the blind-man's eyes be darken'd
Be but fountains for his tears,
All his inmost soul has hearken'd
To the hearing of the ears ;
"Son of David," still he raved,
Moaning till his Light appears.

Like the trumpets' thunders chiding
Till the bulwarks leap'd in twain,
All the stony crowd dividing,
Rings the piteous cry's refrain ;
"Son of David," till he's saved,
Calls the more, and calls again.

Soon those steps with mercy gleaming
 Bear Him upward to His Throne,
 With the crowd no longer streaming,
 There to tread the grapes alone ;
 All are moving, will the loving
 Jesus stay His march for one ?

By the wide world's wayside winding,
 Dinted with the hoofs of crime,
 Through the dust of ages blinding,
 With the deaf'ning roar of Time
 Sounds are mingling, ears are tingling
 With the stride of feet sublime.

Down the vale of armies clashing
 Peaceful footsteps move along,
 Through the clefts of empires crashing
 Travel with Salvation strong :
 Doff your dragging robes, ye lagging
 Kings of earth, and join the throng.

By thy hearth-side dimly burning,
 Sounds of things we cannot see,
 Muffled feet from graves returning,
 Waiting at the door for thee,
 All are staying for thy praying,
 "Son of David," pity me.

30. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

St. Luke xxi. 27.

Thomas of Celano, Thirteenth Century.

"Dies irae, Dies illa."

PARACLETE. P.M.

DAY of Judgment, day appalling,
To the Saviour's standard calling
Earth, to dust and ashes falling !

Oh, what terror, oh, what shaking,
When the dead, their shrouds forsaking,
Start to life, for judgment waking !

Hark ! the trumpet's blasts astounding,
Through creation's graves rebounding,
Summon all the Throne surrounding !

Widely spread, the dreadful writing
Lies before Him, whose reciting
Swells the counts of man's indicting.

See He sits, and see life's travail,
Tangled long, His hands unravel,
None shall stumble, none shall cavil.

What shall I then, wretch, be doing,
With what cry for mercy sueing?
Scarce the righteous 'scape with rueing.

Think Thee, Jesu, that my sinning
Was Thy weary way's beginning,
Me that now Thou might'st be winning :

Me with flagging feet pursuing,
With Thine own life's blood embruing,
Suffer not Thy work's undoing !

31. THE EVER PRESENT SIN.

Psalm li. 3 ; 2 Sam. xii. 10, 13—23.

ST. BRIDE'S. S.M.

MY sin before me stands,
Which God has put apart ;
It sears my brow with burning brands,
It rankles in my heart.

I see it when I crouch
To earth with sleepless eyes,
And mix the tears which laved my couch
With dewdrops from the skies.

O better far to hold
The lion and the bear,
Than for that Lamb of God's own fold
With Death to wrestle there !

I hear it whisper low,
I see it softly tread ;
Six days I pined with him, and now
Keep Sabbath with the dead.

It said the fight was won,
Then pierced me through thy side,
O Absalom,—my son,—my son,—
Would God that I had died !

The curse of Sinai's Stones
Still haunts the pardon'd Just ;
God graves it on their broken bones,
He writes it in their dust.*

The scoffing lip to hush,
And quench the lustful eye,
If thus he lives whom God forgives,
How shall the sinners die !

•

* Job xx. 11.

32. LOT AND ABRAHAM.

Gen. xiii. 8—13; Heb. xi. 13—16; 2 Pet. ii. 6—9.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

THE land before them, where to choose—
They may not dwell at one—
Lay far and wide, on either side,
Beneath the morning sun.

Here homes of rest, like Eden drest,
And there, beyond the skies,
The City stands not made with hands,
Nor seen with mortal eyes.

Who pitch'd his tent where sinners went,
Still keeps his spirit whole;
Nor eye nor ear lets that way near
Defilement to the soul.

The Lord knows how the sainted brow
To fence with holy shame,
Sweet Angel guest unknown, but blest *
To pull us from the flame.

* Heb. xiii. 2.

Straight to his noon, with staff and shoon,
The Pilgrim climbs the hills ;
And sees the Star of Christ afar,
Dim through the twilight's chills.

There, like a pall, o'er field and wall
The furnace hangs its breath ;*
And Jordan's waves those cities' graves
Heap with a Sea of Death.

* Gen. xix. 27, 28 ; Rev. xviii. 9.

33. THE FAST OF THE NINEVITES.

Jonah iii. 5—10, iv. 1, 2; Psalm cxxxix. 7—12.

BERNBURG. P.M.

THE noise of horses prancing,
The sound of jumping wheels
Is hush'd as Tigris glancing
With summer's silent keels :
All Nimroud's glory drooping
Before the shadow'd rod,
In dust and ashes stooping,
Calls mightily to God.

O Judgment's tempests low'ring,
One sorrow turns you all,
To gracious drops outpouring
Dissolves the thunder's fall !
As east from west is parted,
As darkness from the day,
Like father tender-hearted
God puts all sins away.

Stern Prophet, in thy blindness
 O whither wilt thou flee ?
 A God of loving-kindness
 In all the world is He :
 Lean on the wings of morning,
 Sea's utmost bounds explore,
 His darkness still is dawning
 With joy for evermore.

34. THE LAST TEMPTATION.

St. Luke iv. 13, xxii. 40—46, 53.

WAREHAM. L.M.

IN life by watchful Fasting quell'd,
 Thrice by the Spirit's sword repell'd,
 By flagging Knees, blood-dropping Brow,
 What dost thou here, Temptation, now ?

The Cross is all His Temple's crown,
 Wilt set Him there, and cast Him down,
 With sting of death, and Sinai's groans
 To turn the Living Bread to stones ?

By side the Cup, which may not part,
 Except He drink it, there thou art ;
 There, when the night is almost past,
 And death's few friends watch not at last.

No Fasting wins, nor Scripture there ;
 This goes not hence except with Prayer ;
 Thrice wielded Prayer the fight has won—
 "Save, Father, save—Thy will be done !"

35. THE ELDER BROTHER'S BLESSING.

Genesis xxvii. 1—29 ; Mark x. 13—16, 17—22.

WILTS. C. M.

I.

How shall a man the Blessing find,
 Before his Father's face ;
 As when old Isaac's soul inclined
 To bless the chosen race ?

How shall he not deceitful seem,
Deceiver, and yet true ;
His very Son, His elder one,
Divine and human too ?

How shall the voice be Jacob's voice,
To lift the soul in prayer,
Yet He, thy blessing's Lord, rejoice
That Esau's hands are there ?

The smooth white skin of leprous sin,
Must wear rough Edom's red ;
When for the meat He loves to eat,
The Sacrifice has bled.

The first-born's goodly raiment must
Its fragrant spices yield,
To scent thy nature's tainted dust
With His sweet-smelling field.

Come near, that He may feel the sign
On all thy soul impress'd ;
Come thus, the Blessedness is thine,
Yea, and thou shalt be bless'd.

II.

So, when the Lord had hardly now
The younger blest, came in
The elder, crying, "Teach me how
Eternal life to win."

He ran, he knelt, and Jesus loved ;
To brim his blessing's cup
What lack'd he yet, still unproved,
To fill its measure up ?

O well, thy footsteps have not slept,
His eyesight is not dim ;
Thou hast all God's commandments kept,
Keep all thy heart for Him !

O better far than all thy dross
Those infants' brows impearl'd
With holy dewdrops, with the Cross
That overcomes the world !

36. JOSEPH'S BRETHREN AFRAID TO EAT
BREAD WITH HIM.

Gen. xliii. 16—24; 1 Cor. xi. 28, 29.

FRENCH. C.M.

WHAT, fearful still, and fearful all
The Banquet-room to tread,
Who fear'd not in the Judgment-hall
To sue for daily bread !

How oft we start with guilt's alarms,
When Pardon's gifts begin,
And point from Love's extended arms
A finger at our sin !*

Afraid, because each in his sack
Finds solace for his grief ;
Afraid of Him who gives you back
The price of your relief !

* Ps. lxxv. 3, 4.

Afraid, because He sets the Cup
 Beside the Living Bread ;
 And comes with joy to lift it up,
 Alive and from the dead !

Yea, were ye guilty of His Blood,
 Yea, heard ye not His cry ;
 And ate your bread in savage mood,
 Where He was left to die.

What though your sheaves He strangely stirs,
 Who bows the planets down ;
 His words are His Interpreter's,
 His tears are all His own.

O stand and commune at the Door,
 And calm those doubts to rest ;
 His Steward bids you fear no more,
 Who bids you all be blest.*

O rest prepared for all that toil'd,
 O blessed Banquet-room,
 When Reuben found the pit despoil'd,
 And John an empty tomb !

* Gen. xliii. 19—23; and First Exhortation, Communion Service.

O Feast, surpassing Egypt's corn,
 And Eshcol's purple flood,
 His Flesh for all Creation born,
 His sin-all-cleansing Blood !

37. JACOB'S GREY HAIRS.

Gen. xlii. 38 ; Prov. xvi. 31.

BEDFORD. C.M.

WHAT if with grief they bring you down
 To death, where should ye wave,
 Grey hairs, a ripen'd sorrow's crown,
 The blossoms of the grave ?

Not frosty blight of one short night,
 But bloom of wintry years ;
 Bright clouded hues from hidden dews
 Of life's unnumber'd tears.

A pearly sheen from rays unseen
 Those hallow'd hoar locks steal ;
 The light they keep of Bethel's sleep,
 The daybreak of Peniel.

Each glistening hair streams like the stair
 By angel footsteps trod,
 Above, below, to come and go
 To and again from God.

What though with stones those weary bones
 Machpelah pillows now,
 A light more blest than Canaan's rest
 In Heaven is on his brow.

38. MELCHISEDEK.

Gen. xiv. 18—20 ; Ps. cx. 4 ; Heb. v. 6, 7, vii. 1—26.

WEIMAR. P.M.

TITHED with spoils from battle's wreck,
 What art thou, Melchisedek ?
 Blessing, as the mighty bless,
 King of Peace and Righteousness,
 Blessing him within whose breast
 Lies the promise of all blest,
 Faithful warriors to prepare,
 Went not, Christ, Thy Spirit there ?

By Thy Feast of Wine and Bread,
With the rescued from the dead,
By Thy Priesthood all Divine,
Sprung from no ancestral line,
Pure as God, as manhood mild,
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Saved, Thyself, as sons that fear,
Son of Man, I see Thee near !

Priest for ever made, for me,
Jesus, let me pray with Thee !
With Thy sympathising brow,
Meet me, feast me, bless me now,
Son, Thyself obedience taught,
God, with all our sorrows fraught,
Touch'd with Prayer's unutter'd groan
In the Garden, on the Throne.

39. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

St. John xii. 27, 28; Heb. v. 7.

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

O LORD, who taught us how to pray,
Know'st Thou not what to choose or say?
Not "Father" say, His only Son,
"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done!"

One moment and His soul is wrung
With doubting heart, and palsied tongue;
How shall we, Death, thy fears defy,
If Christ Himself was loath to die?

"Now comes temptation's darkest power,*
Save, Father, save me from this hour:—
Yet for this hour, this cause, I came;
O Father, glorify Thy Name."

It thunder'd not, no Angel spake,
But God Himself the silence brake;
Who glorified His dying pain,
Shall glorify our death again.

* St. Luke xxii. 53.

40. THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

St. John xix. 17; Heb. xiii. 13.

Authorship and Century unknown.

"Huc ad jugum Calvariae."

KONIGSBERG. P. M.

To Calvary ascending
With Jesus let us go,
Beneath the shadow bending
Of all His mighty woe :
The Chief of our Salvation
Should we not follow nigh,
With all His tribulation,
In all His death to die ?

The rereward's faint wayfarer
Must stagger with his load,
Where still the Standard-bearer
Leads up the mountain road :
Wrung out from life's affliction,
Death has no bitter cup
So sharp, but Crucifixion
Has brimm'd its sorrows up.

Does life's last fever burning
 Thy couch with anguish toss ?
 His rack'd limbs had no turning,
 His deathbed was the Cross :
 Each vein of life-drops streaming,
 From sole to crown Divine,
 Has, Death, for thy redeeming
 A deeper pang than thine.

II.

" Divitiis exutus es."

ART poor ? in all thy toiling
 See how the Master sped,
 His robe, His vesture's spoiling,
 His naked, homeless Head !
 The fox his hole, the sparrow
 Has where to lay her nest,
 Those Rood beams, hard and narrow,
 Are all thy Saviour's rest.

Have evil-tongued oppressors
 Thy reputation torn ?
 Hark, number'd with transgressors
 He bears the robbers' scorn !

The sharpen'd nails assailing
Less need the opiate bowl
Than those fell tongues, impaling
Their iron in His soul.

Dost fear the pains of dying,
When death has poised his dart ?
See, all those arrows flying
Are gather'd in His heart !
A moist wind, gently sighing,
Is now that furnace blast ; *
Death, in His bitter crying,
Thy bitterness is past !

* Song of the Three Children, 26, 27.

41. MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION.

Philipp. ii. 5—8.

Anselm, Bp. of Lucca, Eleventh Century.

"Jesu mi dulcissime, Domine coelorum."

CHORAL SYMPHONY, BEETHOVEN. P.M.

JESU, solace of my soul,
Gentle Mediator,
King of Kings from pole to pole,
Heaven and earth's Creator,
Who can praise Thee as he ought,
Thee, the world-wide wonder,
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,
Rending Thee asunder ?

Love, it drew Thee from the sky,
Love of souls that perish'd,
Leaving,—here on earth to die,—
All Thy glories cherish'd:
Born into the vale of tears,
There Thyself more tearful;
Toiling up the steep of years
To a height more fearful.

Born life's saddest paths to tread,
Thou the world's Salvation,
Hungry, Thou the Living Bread,
In its desolation;
Thou, the fourfold River's Fount,
Paradise all steeping,
Thirsting on the cursed Mount,
In the Garden weeping!

O the depth, the breadth, the height
Of Thy love's extension,
Jesus, O the wondrous might
Of Thy condescension;
Innocency's purest bloom,
All Thy foes refuting,
Bearing all our sorrow's doom,
All our sin's imputing!

Mine the while the joys of life,
Thine its tribulation,
Mine the glory of the strife,
Thine the consternation;
Mine the banquet's sweetness all,
Thine the self-devotion,
Thine the vinegar and gall
For Thy bitter potion!

42. THE CLEFTS IN THE ROCK.

Ps. lv. 4—8; Cant. ii. 14; Is. xxxii. 2, lx. 8.

Authorship and Century unknown.

"Ecquis binas columbinas."

ROUSSEAU. P.M.

LEND, O lend me wings to send me,
Heavenly Dove, careering soon,
Where the palmy Cross with balmy
Shadows hides the burning noon;
Where all-goaded, sorrow-loaded,
Life of ages yet unborn,
Still defending arms extending,
Jesus hangs, His people's scorn!

Heart, beside thee let Him hide thee
Ruffled with the tempest shock,
Where thou fliest, to the highest
Secret windings of the Rock;
To those gaping clefts escaping
From the dark and stormy sky,
In His stricken bosom quicken
Flagging wing, and drooping eye.

Dying Saviour, my behaviour

Could it not that sorrow spare,
For my worthless spirit, mirthless

Must Thou needs be tortured there?
Thou all blessing, as transgressing
Die, to save one sinner's loss,
For my winning life's beginning
Ending Thine upon the Cross!

Who may merit to inherit,

Son of God, Thy love divine?
Let me perish,—shouldst Thou cherish,
Jesu, such poor love as mine?
Love assuring, love enduring
Make it with Thy dying breath,
Never failing, still prevailing,
Love amid the pangs of death.

Thine the saving Heart, which craving,

Loving all asunder broke;—
Burning Fountain, touch this mountain,
Touch my heart, and it shall smoke!
Lips that falter, from that Altar
Touch Thou with the living coal,
Give life's union, death's communion
With Thy Body, with Thy Soul.

43. THE MAN OF SORROWS.

Is. liii. 3—5; 1 Pet. ii. 19—25.

Bonaventura, Thirteenth Century.

"Quam despectus, quam rejectus."

MANHEIM. P. M.

Son of Man, and Man of Sorrows,
King of Heaven, our souls to save,
What affliction's contradictions,
All Thy Gabbatha to pave,
Naked, needing, sick and bleeding,
Lead Thee onward to the Grave!

Think, lest sin thy spirit harden,
Think of all His Glory's loss,
Think what storms, to win Thy pardon,
All His spotless manhood toss,
Cup of trembling in the Garden,
Gall and wormwood on the Cross!

See Him with amazement shaken,
 Like a thief with staves pursued,
 Bound with cords, the Boundless, taken,
 Straiten'd on the gaging Rood,
 Jeer'd by foes, by friends forsaken,
 Mock'd by all the multitude!

See, the nail-dint's hard intrusion
 All His beauteous limbs unseams,
 Dims His eyes with death's suffusion,
 Quenches all their loving streams,
 Blunting with His pain's contusion
 All the sunshine of their beams!

II.

"Qui hæc audis, ingemisce."

THOU that hearest, with His groaning
 Blend a life-long sorrow's years;
 With His Crucifixion's moaning
 Mix thy penitential tears;
 All thy righteousness disowning,
 Saved, as He was saved, with fears.

Him, Who in that sorrow bore thee,
Him in all thy sorrows find;
Set that Man of Grief before thee,
Most afflicted of mankind;
Die with Him till He restore thee,
All His chain of grief unwind.

Brother, whatsoe'er thou doest,
Wheresoe'er thy footsteps fall,
Of all friends the best and truest,
Him in all thy thoughts recall;
Let His sorrow be the newest,
Best, and purest grief of all!

Jesu, in Thy Crucifixion
Crucify my worldly heart;
Make me see my sin's conviction,
Feel it in that sorrow's smart,
See myself in Thy affliction,
Till I see Thee as Thou art!

44. THE CROWN OF THORNS.

Gen. iii. 17, 18; St. Matt. xxvii. 29.

Bonaventura, Thirteenth Century.

"Si vis vere gloriari."

• RATISBON. P.M.

CHRISTIAN, wouldst thou boast aright,
Deck thy brows with living light?—
Twined above that Altar's horns,
Contemplate the Crown of thorns:
Him, the rather, love the more
Who for thee that Thorn-crown wore.

This the King of Glory bound
All His bleeding forehead round;
With this helmet on His Head
Smote the foe of quick and dead,
Crown'd with this triumphant wreath
Pluck'd the thorny sting from death.

This the crest the fight to stem,
 Pontiff's only diadem,
 Only crown on earth to win,
 In the battle-field of sin,
 Changed, the while that Head they hold,
 Crown of Thorns to crowns of gold!

All those thorn-points, sharp and gory,
 Touch'd by Him are rays of Glory,
 In His Passion's Crucifying
 Scorn no more, but praise undying,
 Twining roses for His Tomb
 Of an amaranthine bloom.

Thorny ground with sweat of brow
 Mingling in that labour now,
 While the Second Adam toils,
 All the earth of curse despoils;
 Thorns, fit only for the burning,
 To a wreath of radiance turning.

Only good, and only grand,
 Jesu, strength of those that stand,
 Only might of them that win,
 Pluck from life the sting of sin,
 From our work with briers strown
 Wreathe us an eternal Crown!

45. SHADOWS OF THE CROSS.

Gen. iii. 22, xxviii. 12; Ex. xii. 21—23, xv. 25; Num. xx. 11;
Heb. x. 1.

Adam of St. Victor, Twelfth Century.

"O quam felix, quam praeclara."

MOSCOW. P.M.

ONLY stay of man's Salvation,
Tree of life, and Tree of good;
Altar of the One Oblation,
Red with all its cleansing flood;
Ages' first and last lustration
Of the spotless Firstling's Blood!

Bethel's stair, to Heaven ascending,
Drawing all the nations nigh,
Earth's four regions comprehending,
Ere they set it deep and high,
Breadth and height to all extending,
High and broad against the sky.

Not of earth, nor man's revealing,
Cross, thy lengthen'd shadows fell;
Thine the wood the waters healing
Cast on Marah's bitter well;
Thine the staff, the streams unsealing
Pent within the rocky cell.

Thou the Life-mark from the dwelling
 Where the Paschal lintels bled,
 All the deathful sword repelling,
 As the Angel onward fled;
 Thine the only Life-drops, welling
 'Twixt the living and the dead.

46. PRAYER TO CHRIST UPON THE CROSS.

Ps. xxii. 16 ; Zech. xii. 10.

St. Bernard, Twelfth Century.

"Salve mundi salutare."

BADEN. P.M.

JESUS, hail, the world's salvation,
 Hail, my soul's sweet salutation ;
 To Thy Cross, or e'er Thou goest,
 See me clinging,—why, Thou knowest,—
 O, take me with Thee glorified !
 There, as though I stood before Thee,
 There I see Thee, there adore Thee,
 All Thy purest love exploring,
 All my sinful self abhorring,
 In all Thy dying, crucified.

Scarr'd beyond all Time's effacing,
 Suffer, Feet, my soul's embracing ;
 All beneath those wounds abasing,
 Ere I climb the glories gracing
 That meek Brow's patient majesty.
 Lo, we bless Thy love unbounded,
 We the stricken, we the wounded,
 Friend of sinners lost and parted,
 Healer of the broken-hearted,
 Sweet gospeller of misery !

What in me sin has contracted,
 Dissipated, or distracted,
 Loved Physician, cleanse it purely,
 Save me wholly, save me surely
 With all that life-blood's purity.
 With my whole heart I have sought Thee,
 There where all my sins have brought Thee ;
 On the Cross must Thou not heal me,
 Purchase, wash me, prove me, seal me
 In all Thy work's maturity ?

All those wounds, their red lips parting,
 All the nail-dints through Thee darting,
 Write within me, write them truly,
 Fix me to Thee, fix me throughly,
 From all Thy Cross inseparate.

Saviour, to Thy soul's affliction
 Let me shout my sin's conviction ;
 Man of God, Thy Feet from holding
 Thrust me not, that grief unfolding,
 From Thy Redemption reprobate !

Blessed Feet, still lowly bending,
 Let me kiss them without ending ;
 Blessed Jesus do not spurn me ;
 With that drooping eye discern me,
 With all that life's last sympathy
 All Thy Godhead's might uprearing,
 All Thy human love endearing,
 Say, upon the Cross appearing,
 "Go in peace, thy pardon hearing ;
 Thy sins are all forgiven thee."

II.

St. Matt. xxvii. 29, 30.

"Salve caput conquassatum."

ST. PAUL'S. P.M.

HEAD, all hail, with gore drops scatter'd,
 With the thorn-crown torn and tatter'd,
 With the slime of scorn bespatter'd,
 With the rude reed all to shatter'd
 By all that ribald soldiery !

Face once beaming, O how brightly,
 O how changed, O how unsightly !
 Clouds of death untimely louring,
 All its comeliness deflow'ring,
 The raptured seraphs' ecstasy.

Beauty fades as torments tire Him
 More, and we the less desire Him ;
 Death in all His aspect staring,
 All His bones with leanness baring,
 His mien distorted fingering.
 For my sins despised, afflicted,
 Thus by sinners contradicted,
 With Thy life's expiring flashes
 Turn my soul to dust and ashes,
 With Love's last glances lingering.

Me upon those shoulders laying,
 Pardon, Shepherd, all my straying ;
 Know me, all my spirit filling—
 Sweeter than the bees' distilling—
 With Thy sweet Word's deliciousness.
 Do not for my guilt arraign me,
 For my sinfulness disdain me ;
 All Thy soul to death resigning,
 Lay that blessed Head reclining
 On my lost soul's unconsciousness.

With thy Holy Passion's ending
 O might I my spirit blending,
 Where the richest life-drops welter,
 With that Rod and Staff to shelter,
 Pass through the Vale of Misery !
 For Thy precious soul's outpouring,
 Thanks I give, Thy death adoring ;
 Hear my prayer, Thou God forgiving,
 Join me to Thee, to Thy living,
 In all Thy Life's eternity.

When at last I lie a-dying,
 Be not absent from my crying ;
 To my tears, and to my praying,
 Jesu, make no long delaying,
 O help me, in my perishing.
 In my life's last light receding,
 Jesu, let me see Thee bleeding,
 All Thy wounds for all my needing,
 All my sins still interceding,
 With all Thy love still cherishing !

47. THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

St. Mark xv. 25, 42.

HEBER. P.M.

SIX weary hours extended
Upon the Cross of pain,
When will the day be ended,
Night's shadows come again ?
Would morn were eve's declining,
Would God that eve were morn,*
His eve of life's resigning,
His Resurrection dawn !

Thrice now the congregation
Has climb'd the steep to prayer,
It is the Preparation,
And yet He withers there :
They say the Cross dissembles
The spirit's parting strife ;
And day by day still trembles
The hideous wreck of life.

* Deut. xxviii. 67.

Haste, Joseph, "It is finish'd,"
 The sun sinks on the wave ;
 The time must needs be minish'd,
 The three days of the grave :
 An eve without a morning,
 Of blackest midnight born ;
 The Sabbath past, His dawning
 Is everlasting morn.

Blest Sepulchre, where never
 Man's mortal form was laid ;
 The only tomb for ever
 With Angel light array'd ;
 Life's only, last, defender,—
 When graves shall be no more,
 No earth hast thou to render,
 No treasure to restore.*

* " — ce tombeau, *le seul qui n'aura rien à rendre au dernier jour.*"

CHATEAUBRIAND, *Mémoires D'Outre-Tombe*. Tome 3me. p. 70.

48. CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALENE.

St. John xx. 10—18.

Authorship and Century unknown.

"Pone luctum, Magdalena."

ALTORF. P. M.

WEEP no more this holy morning,
Mary, put away thy fears ;
In this Feast there is no scorning,
No repentance for thy tears :
Joy, O joy, a thousand pleasures,
All thy soul's recover'd treasures,—
Alleluia !—Christ appears.

Smile again, thou watcher weary,
Wreath thy lucid brow with bloom,
Death has fled, thou art not dreary,
Angels shine athwart the gloom ;
Christ has freed the world from paining,
Lo, He comes, His life regaining—
Alleluia !—from the tomb.

Joy to thee, He soars ascending,
He Who all thy sins forgave ;
All thy sorrows now are ending,
Magdalene, He comes to save ;
Whom thou soughtest lost and dying,
Welcome now with Angels crying
Alleluia ! o'er His grave.

Mary, lift those brows declining,
 Turn to see Who stands behind,
 See His face with glory shining,
 See the pearly wounds enshrined,
 Porches five, for all thy healing,
 Life eternal each unsealing,—
 Alleluia !—to mankind.

Live in all His life's resuming,
 Mary, all thy light restore,
 All thy heart with joy illuming,—
 Death is driven from the door :
 Night has had his night of sorrow,
 Joy returneth with the morrow—
 Alleluia !—evermore.

49. THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Ex. xiv. 21, 22; 1 Cor. x. 1, 2.

Authorship and Century unknown.

"Cedant justi signa luctus."

MUSIC BY H. S. OAKELEY. P.M.

Joy, O joy, ye broken-hearted,
 Joy, the deathful sea is parted !
 Here and there the ramping wave
 Frowns beside an empty grave ;

With His Blood the Lamb has laved us,
 With His Passing Christ has saved us,
 Shouting on the Red-Sea shore
 Alleluias evermore.

Loud above the billows' thunder,
 Sound the chains He rives asunder;
 Saints below of ancient days
 Glisten with His rising rays,
 Saints who died before they saw Him
 Yearn to rise on earth before Him,
 Yearn to take the form He wore—
 Alleluia !—evermore.

All our marbled slumber breaking,
 From our sinful dreams awaking,
 From our worldly cerements free,
 Jesus, make us rise with Thee,—
 Thee, our death, hell's portals rending,
 Thee our Life, to God ascending
 All our blessings to restore,—
 Alleluia !—evermore !

50. CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.

Ex. xii. 11—14; 2 Cor. v. 7, 8.

School of St. Ambrose, Fourth or Fifth Century.

"Ad coenam Agni providi."

ERFURT. L.M.

THE Paschal Feast, not girt with night,
But cloth'd with flowing robes of light,
We throng to taste, beyond the Sea,
Alive, O Lord, from death to Thee.

The wrathful sword is overpast,
Which flash'd athwart the midnight blast;
With burden'd backs, and hands inured
We come, from Egypt's bonds secured.

For Christ, Our Passover is slain,
The Lamb who died, and lives again,
In life the pure unleaven'd Bread,
In death untainted with the dead.

O worthy one Oblation's breath
Which rent in twain the vail of death,
And gave the ransom'd bands that die
A deathless Home beyond the sky!

51. THOMAS NOT WITH THE TEN.

St. John xx. 19—25.

SHADWELL. C. M.

O FAITHLESS found when all believed,
Where wast thou, Thomas, then ;
Nor with the rout that raged without,
Nor with the faithful Ten ?
Why not with friends sweet counsel take,
Who sought the House of Prayer ;
O, why, the first Lord's-day, forsake
The first assembling there ?

Not hear the word, when first the Lord
His preachers' flag unfurl'd,
And lit their torches at the flame
Which overshadowed the world !
Not there, when each became,—to preach
The Cross from pole to pole,—
Breath'd on with breath which conquer'd death,
An ever-living soul !

Thou couldst the Jewish stones defy
For Him at danger's call :
O, better far with Christ to die,
When Christ has died for all !

It was not fear, for all were near
 Who closed the doors for fright,
 Hid in that room, when e'en the tomb
 Was full of living light.

Or hadst thou stray'd to see display'd
 The Paschal barley-ears,
 Heaved bright and high across the sky,
 When harvest-time appears ?
 More blest were they that week's first day,
 With Him the feast was kept,
 Who came to wave, fresh from the grave,
 First-fruits of them that slept.

52. THOMAS WITH THE TEN.

St. John xx. 26—29.

NORTHAM. C.M.

O, ENTER then the Temple, when
 The Lord still passes in ;
 The one without was first to doubt,
 The blessing last to win.
 O cruel ! must thy hand be thrust
 Thy source of Life so near ;
 Thy Lord assail, hard as the nail,
 Unkinder than the spear ?

Yet, see, He comes with Peace again,
 With only Peace to all ;
 No breathing now upon the brow
 Where soon the fire shall fall :
 Scarce will that eye His wounds descry,
 No hand he now extends ;
 How should that flesh be probed afresh
 Here, in the house of friends ?

So now, thy Lord, thy God confess,
 Believe and worship, too,
 And first adore,—yet they have more
 Who deem the witness true.
 Thy faith has been but what was seen,—
 Blest they who still believe
 What eye nor ear shall see or hear,
 Nor heart of man conceive !

O, on my body, not on Thine,
 Lord Jesus, let me see
 The blessed marks of love divine,
 Which Thou hast borne for me ;
 Compunctions sweet on hands and feet,
 The pierced, the open heart ;
 Or e'er, without one faithless doubt,
 I see Thee as Thou art.

53. THE SECOND MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT.

St. John **xxi.** 1—13.

The thought chiefly from St. Augustine.—Fourth Century.

WINCHESTER. C. M.

WHEN Jesus stood upon the shore,
Athwart the lonely wave
The Fishers watch'd, nor knew the Lord
New risen from the grave.
All night they toil'd, and nothing toek,
But now they cast aright ;
And morning's beams are mingling with
The risen Saviour's light.

Poor store and mean could they but glean,
When first they smote the deep ;
No net was hurl'd to wake the world,
Till He had woke from sleep :
O, glorious was the fishing then,
No mixing in the throw
The refuse with the great and good,
All safely gather'd now !

No sever'd toils, no sinking ships,
 No frightened fisher's cry,
 "Depart from me, O Lord, depart,
 A sinful man am I!"
 Fivescore the sea, and fifty-three,
 Wrung from its niggard breast,
 To bless the man whom Jesus loved,
 And him who loved Him best.

Though number'd now, they tell of saints
 Unnumber'd at the Day,
 When sea and shore shall be no more,
 And time shall pass away.
 Men-fishers true the warning knew,—
 To heal the midnight's dearth,
 With knots new-strung the Net was flung
 Whose cords should sweep the earth.

Still more they drew, as morning grew,
 Embosom'd in the fold,
 The scepter'd monarch on the throne,
 The merchant and his gold;
 The baron mail'd, in moated halls,
 The young, the old,—and yet,
 For all they were so many there,
 Not broken was the Net.

54. PETER AND JOHN.

St. John xxi. 15—23.

ZURICH. P.M.

LORD, and if the thrice denying
Thrice has faithful love's replying ;
For Thy look, and for his weeping,
Takes Thy sheep thrice to his keeping ;
Shall have for their patient herding
Martyr's Cross, and martyr's girding ;
Where he would not, rudely carried,
Taken when he would have tarried,—
Lord, and what shall this man do ?

Lord, and what shall he have, ever
Cleaving to Thee, faithless never ;
Fiery fierce to Thy gainsayer,
Only told of the betrayer ;
Calvary nor Council shunning,
To the Sepulchre outrunning ;
Of Thy loved disciples dearest, .
To Thy loving bosom nearest,—
Lord, and what shall this man do ?

Shall he have earth never ending,
 Bound to life with chains unbending ;
 Restless o'er the wide world flying,
 Without privilege of dying ?
 Draining still the Chalice gory,
 Shall he have Thy right-hand's glory ?
 Shall he have the Cross to carry,—
 Till I come, what if he tarry,—
 Son of Jona, follow me !

What and if, while still he lingers,
 Busy death's unflagging fingers
 Haste to write on all surrounding
 Ruin more and more abounding ;
 Branch and leaf and blossom pining
 O'er the aged stem's declining,—
 If I will he tarry only,
 Feeble, childless, wasted, lonely,
 Simon, what is that to thee ?

What if with the lone sea billow
 Patmos lulls his stony pillow ;
 Multitudes, which none shall number,
 Fill his soul unseal'd with slumber ;—
 What if Angels never ending,
 Mounting still, and still descending,
 Gently all his fears abating,
 Tend him, while the Lord is waiting,—
 Peter, what is that to thee ?

Age's thorny crown is prickly ;
 Friends around are falling thickly ;
 Sun and Moon are waning sickly,—
 Amen, Come, Lord Jesus, quickly !
 All Thy heavenward paths are holy,
 Jesu, let me tread them slowly ;
 Tarry till I win Thee wholly :
 What and if I win Thee solely,—
 That is all in all to me.

55. "THE BEGINNING OF MONTHS."

Ex. xii. 2 ; Cant. xi. 10—13.

Adam of St. Victor, Twelfth Century.

"Mundi Renovatio."

WELLINGTON. P.M.

Now the world new pleasures finds ;
 Hastes its votive sweets to pay ;
 All its wintry shroud unwinds,
 Casts its grave-clothes all away ;

Wakes to see its Saviour rise,
Wakes on earth and in the skies ;
Keeps His Paschal Holy-day.

Nimbly glide the ductile fires ;
Rolls the light its tidal joys ;
Ocean's axles smooth their tires ;
All things purge them from alloys :
Clouds ascend the highest blue,
Weights their lowest depths pursue,
Earth upholds its equipoise.

Heaven itself, now more serene,
Tempers all its breezes keen ;
Brightly smiles the waters' sheen :
Valleys, terrass'd high in flowers,
All their drought with streamlets flush,
Pearl their dew with sunlight's gush ;
Spring leads on his joyous hours.

Now the prince of all the world
Winter's icy flag has furl'd ;
Downward all his might is hurl'd ;
For the tyrant of mankind,
When he sought the spotless soul
Of the Saviour to control,
Cast his kingdom to the wind.

Life has triumph'd over death ;
 Sinking to the hell beneath,
 Man recovers living breath ;
 Open sees before his eyes
 All the joys of Paradise ;
 For the Cherub's flaming sword
 Turns but one way,—to the Lord.

56. HYMN FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

St. John xii. 24 ; 1 Cor. xv. 35—38.

Prudentius, Fourth Century.

"Jam maesta quiesce querela."

MUSIC BY H. S. OAKELEY. P.M.

HUSH ! Mother, too loud is thy weeping ;
 Let the tear-drops more pensively fall ;
 Not dead is thy darling, but sleeping,—
 Death is immortality's call.

No seed without dying was quicken'd,
 We sow'd not the body God gave ;
 No bright-waving harvest has thicken'd,
 But its roots wither'd first in the grave.

Take him, earth, to thy bosom's embracing,
 To thy turf's over-shadowing span ;
 We give thee but beauty's effacing,
 Yet the glorious ruins of man.

That form was a soul's habitation,—
 Now kneaded, like thee, to a clod,—
 Full of wisdom and Christ's inspiration,
 Breath'd into and fashion'd by God.

Take our sorrowful vision's desiring,—
 Not unmindful the Lord of thy trust,
 Full soon will His gifts be requiring,
 His image enshrined in the dust.

O, let but His Kingdom be finish'd,
 His elect be all number'd again,
 Not a jot shall one body be minish'd,
 Thou must give us each separate grain.

No ages' corruption shall hinder
 His rising when all shall be won ;
 Though his bones be the dust of a cinder,
 The shade of a mote in the sun.

Though dispers'd to the winds of creation
 By its reflux waves unanneal'd,
 The germ of his vivification
 God has in His treasures seal'd.

But, O, while Thy finger is guiding
 Each speck of the sanctified dust,
 O, where is the place of abiding,
 O Lord, for the souls of the Just?

Shall they gently lean, like Eleazar,
 Girt with roses, on Abraham's breast;
 While the soul of the flame-tortured gazer
 Is cursed with the sight of the blest?

We remember Thy words, O Redeemer,
 Their rest Thou wilt never delay;
 The soul of the pardon'd blasphemer
 Was with Thee that very same day.

To the faithful, God's Paradise seeking,
 Come its gales upon life's parting breath;
 The gates of the Garden are creaking
 With the turn of the hinges of death.

57. HYMN FOR ASCENSION DAY.

St. Luke xxiv. 50, 51 ; Philipp. ii. 9—11.

Authorship and Century unknown.

“Triumphe ! plaudant maria.”

JENA. P. M.

WITH all your floods attending,
Beat, seas, upon the shore !
Ye saints, more lowly bending,
Exalt Him more and more—
The Lord of lords—ascending
Above the starry floor !
The Name which God has given,
All knees shall lowly bow,
Of things in earth and heaven,
And things the earth below.

Ho ! heavenly warders, glorious,
Your portals lift on high ;
The King of Kings victorious
Let in on all the sky ;
His triumph meritorious
With praises magnify !
The Name, &c.

Who is the King of Glory,
 Who comes with garments dyed
 From Bozrah's wine-press gory,
 And Edom's purple tide?
 The strong man's deathful foray
 The stronger has defied.
 The Name, &c.

The Father's right hand gracing,
 Thy Throne, O Lord, prepare ;
 The goal of all our racing,
 The mark of every prayer ;
 No pity's touch effacing
 With Thee ascending there.
 The Name, &c.

58. WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

St. Luke x. 29—37; 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

BRADFORD. P.M.

WHICH of the three was nigh me,
 To stanch life's welling tide,
 The Law, the Prophets by me
 Pass'd on the other side;

My hopes all disappointing
 No healing balms they pour'd,
 Then, Lord, Thy sweet anointing
 My drooping soul restored?
 And where Thou art ascending,
 What neighbour now but Thee
 Have I, my life befriending,
 Still nigh to pity me?
 Thy Spirit succour lendeth
 When Thou art gone away,
 Whatever more He spendeth
 Thou wilt Thyself repay.
 And when the Lord rejoices
 O'er one lost sinner found,
 What Friends' and Neighbours' voices
 Shall make the skies resound!
 No pity's soft relenting
 The righteous ninety-nine
 Need who need no repenting,
 No balmy oil or wine.
 And who, Lord, is my neighbour
 Of Thy abiding three,
 To watch, to wait, to labour,
 Faith, Hope, and Charity?
 Faith, Hope, their shades expressing,
 Pass on the other side;
 But, Charity, thy blessing
 Shall near me still abide.

59. THE NAME OF JESUS.

St. John xvi. 22—24; Philipp. ii. 9—11.

St. Bernard, Twelfth Century.

"Jesu; dulcis memoria."

DURHAM. P. M.

SOURCE of recollections sweet,
 Jesu, gushing in my breast,
 Name of names, how dear to greet,
 Then how sweet Thyself possess'd!

Sweeter Name to tongue nor ear,
 Earthly name or name divine,
 Sweeter none to sing or hear,
 Jesu, Son of God, than Thine!

Hope of penitents how bright,
 To Thy seekers O how kind,
 To Thy searchers what delight,
 O what rapture then to find!

Well of everlasting joy,
 Sweetly springing in the heart,
 Jesu, feast without alloy,
 More than yearning when we part!

Tongue of Angels or of men
 All thy praises cannot tell;
 Only he who wins Thee then
 Knows he loved Thee, O how well

60. THE BRIDEGROOM TAKEN AWAY.

Cant. v. 6; St. Matt. ix. 15.

St. Bernard, Twelfth Century.

"O Jesu mi dulcissime."

REDHEAD, NO. 47. P. M.

JESU, Bridegroom, Saviour, Friend,
 Though we come not where Thou art,
 Tearful dews may there ascend,
 Whispers from the inmost heart.

Jesu, sweet compassion's fount,
 Light of all our glory's home,
 Rend the vail upon this mount,
 Show Thy Kingdom ere it come.

There the while with shouts of mirth
 Angels welcome Thee above,
 Singing "Glory to the earth,
 In the highest Peace and Love!"

To the Father Christ is gone,
 Many Mansions to prepare,
 Hearts, ascend before the Throne,
 Ere we rise to meet Him there!

Pierce the Cloud, ye longing eyes,
 Follow Prayer, and follow Praise,
 Till those Angels to the skies
 Lift us evermore to gaze!

///

61. SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

Rev. viii. 1—6.

ST. MATTHEW'S. D. C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost ; the Lamb has broke
The hidden Scripture's seals ;
Yet from the Throne no thunders woke,
No golden trumpet peals :
Mysterious rest of light repest,—
As when the day was won,
The sun stood still on Gibeon's hill,
The moon in Ajalon !

'Tis silence still in all the heaven,
Above, below, around ;
The Angels with the trumpets seven,
Who stand prepared to sound ;
The Saint before the golden shrine,
The River by the Tree ;
And where the pictured harps recline
Upon the Glassy Sea.

Hold fast the Rock, thou little Flock,
 So fainting, and so few ;
 Lift lift your hands,—the Angel stands
 With incense lit for you :
 Those prayers shall be a cloudy sea,
 From myriad censers hurl'd ;
 Earth's utmost space your meeting-place,
 Your Upper-room the world.

62. THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Acts ii. 1—4.

Adam of St. Victor, Twelfth Century.

"Lux jucunda, lux insignis."

EVANGELISTS. P.M.

DAY of pleasure, day of wonder,
 When the Throne's imprison'd thunder
 Shook its fire-drops to the earth ;
 Give us flaming hearts inditing,
 Tongues, like ready pen, reciting
 All the theme's surpassing worth !

On the Church, from heaven descending,
Bridal gifts the Lamb is sending,

On His bright espousals' day :
Now His honied Word distilling,
Now with holy unctions thrilling
Shines the Flinty Rock's array.*

Fleshly hearts, and fiery laving,
For the Stony Tablets' graving,
Writ with wrathful Sinai's ire ;
For the host, the few united,
From that Upper-chamber lighted
Through the earth with flames of fire.

O, what day of joys abounding
Was that mighty Wind's resounding,
When the Fire with Water ran ;
When three-thousand spirits' winning
Was the message's beginning
To the universal man !

In new bottles, not in olden,
Must the new-wine's strength be holden,
Widow'd Church prepares the store ;
They who saw the Lord ascending
Fill their vessels without ending
With His unctions evermore.†

* Deut. xxxii. 13.

† 2 Kings iv. 1—7.

63. THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVING.

Gen. i. 2; St. Matt. iii. 16; Acts ii. 2.

Authorship and Century unknown.

"Almum flamen, vita mundi."

COBLENTZ. P.M.

GENIAL Spirit, earth's emotion,
Pulsing with the gush of love,
Source of life to land and ocean,
Sun and moon and stars above;
Life of life, on all beneath
Breathing joy and living breath,
Only rest and motion giving,
Spirit, to all creatures living!

Come, Eternal God, Creator,
With Thy sevenfold gifts endued,
Waning earth's Regenerator,
Peaceful Giver of all good;

Comfort of the weary heart,
 Joy to all where'er Thou art;
 Once the Babel tongues' delusion,
 Now the Living Word's diffusion !

O'er the darkling waters moving,
 Ere one ray was on the deep,
 All its chaos clouds reproving,
 Stirring all its mighty sleep;
 Softly then the ruin'd earth
 Waking to its second birth,
 O'er the fountain depths exuding
 With Thy dove-like pinions brooding !

With Thy blasts the Trumpets seven
 Widely through the earth were blown,
 Where the Angel stood, from heaven
 Thunder'd out before the Throne;
 All the world beneath the skies
 Lighting to the Gospel prize,
 From the fiery arrows shielding
 With thy sevenfold buckler's wielding.

64. PRAYER TO THE THREE PERSONS
OF THE EVER BLESSED TRINITY.

Rev. iv. 8.

Hildebert, Twelfth Century.

I.

TO THE FATHER.

A et Ω, magne Deus.

MORNINGTON. P.M.

FIRST and Last of faith's receiving,
Source and sea of man's believing,
God, Whose might is all-potential,
God, Whose Truth is Truth's essential,
Good supreme in Thy subsisting,
Good in all Thy seen existing ;
Over all things, all things under,
Touching all, from all asunder ;
Centre, but Thyself excluded,
Compassing, and yet included ;
Over all, and not ascending,
Under all, but not depending ;

Over all, the world ordaining,
Under all, the world sustaining ;
All without, in all surrounding,
All within, in grace abounding ;
Inmost, yet not comprehended,
Outer still, and not extended ;
Over, yet on nothing founded,
Under, but by space unbounded ;
Omnipresent, yet in-dwelling,
Self-impelled, the world impelling ;
Force, nor fate's predestination
Sways Thee to one alteration ;
Ours to-day, Thyself for ever,
Still commencing, ending never ;
Past with Thee is Time's beginning,
Present all its future winning ;
With Thy counsel's first ordaining
Comes Thy counsel's last attaining ;
One the light's first radiance darting
And the elements' departing.

II.

TO THE SON.

 Rev. v. 9.

Nate, Patri coequalis.

PASCAL. P.M.

NEXT in Revelation's sequel,
 Co-eternal Son, co-equal,
 Father's Light, and Father's feature,
 All-creating, yet a creature,
 With our flesh Thyself enduing,
 All our righteousness ensuing ;
 With immortal glory shining,
 Yet to death and time declining ;
 Man and God united ever,
 God in man confounded never.
 Not Thyself to flesh converting,
 All the Godhead still asserting ;
 All the God to manhood taking,
 Yet the manhood not forsaking ;
 One with God by conformation,
 Less than God by Incarnation ;

Man in substance of Thy mother,
 Yet than God Thyself no other.
 Thus two Natures' wondrous union
 Stands in unimpair'd communion ;
 What He was ere worlds were dated,
 That He was on earth created ;
 He our only Mediator,
 None but He our Legislator ;
 Born for us, and circumcised,
 Dead, and buried, and baptized ;
 Fell on sleep, to hell descending,
 Rose again to life unending ;
 Thence to Judgment comes to call men
 Who Himself was judged for all men.

III.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

 Rev. iv. 5.

Paracletus increatus.

DURHAM. P. M.

God, of Glory unabated,
 Not begotten, nor created,
 Spirit, Son or Father neither,
 Yet proceedest Thou from either,

From no heavenly source exterior,
With no quality inferior,
From Eternity no lower,
Substance, Majesty, or Power.

Father One in Gospel-story,
One the First-begotten's Glory
One the Holy Ghost's Procession,—
Three, but One to Faith's confession
Each Himself is God alone,
Yet not Three, but One God only.
In this Oneness, worshipp'd truly,
Three in One I worship duly ;
In their Persons ever Three,
In their Substance Unity;
None of Whom is less than other,
None is greater than another :
In each One no variation,
Into each no transmutation ;
Each is God, and yet no blending,
Everlasting, without ending.

Amen.

65. PRAYER FOR THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

Ps. xliii. 11; Is. xxxiii. 20, 24.

Hildebert, Twelfth Century.

"Me receptet Syon illa."

PASCAL. P. M.

STRONGHOLD safe of Judah's Lion,
Take, O take me to thee, Sion !
Light's own God thy light's renewing,
From the Cross thy lintels' hewing ;
Living gems thy walls' foundation,
Praise thy gates, thy streets Salvation.

In that City sunshine vernal
Dwells for ever, peace eternal ;
There no taint of sin remaining,
No defect, and no complaining ;
Stunted none, and none unsightly,
All conform'd to Jesus brightly.

City of time-sainted Sages,
 Built upon the rock of ages,
 O'er the stormy world's commotions
 To Thee all my soul's devotions
 Waft I, for thy love expiring,
 Peaceful rest, and joys untiring.

Feasts how bright Thy saints are keeping,
 Without mixture, without weeping,
 Heart to heart what love entwining,
 With what stones the city shining,
 Jacinth or chalcedon be it,
 They shall know who live to see it.

66. SPIRIT SOUL AND BODY, ONE MAN.

Gen. ii. 7; 1 Thess. v. 23.

CHESTER. P. M.

SPIRIT, soul, and body's union,
 Mingling with the heavenly host,
 One with God in Christ's Communion,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

With the Water, Blood, and Spirit
 Sanctified in one on earth,
 Wholly blameless, may ye merit
 Wholly all the heavenly birth !

Light and cloud of God's indwelling,
 Breathed to make a living soul,
 Spirit, passion's fury quelling
 With a more than man's control !

Mirror of that breath's reflection
 Soul, yet dew'd with earthly sense,
 Source of holiest affection,
 Shrine of purest innocence !

Body, that shall be celestial,
 Now so sinful and so frail,
 Outer Court of things terrestrial,
 Parted with the fleshly vail !

O the joy, when without ending,
 When your threefold work is done,
 Spirit, soul, and body, blending
 You shall be with God in one !

67. WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE
FIRST LOVED US.

1 John iv. 19.

Authorship and Century unknown.

"O Deus, ego amo te."

ST. AUGUSTINE. S.M.

I do not love Thee, Lord,
To win Thy Kingdom's lot,
Nor fearing yet what sin has stored
For them that love Thee not.

I love Thee, who hast borne
So lovingly for me
The nails, the lance, the bitter scorn,
So shameful, on the Tree.

I love Thee, Lord, that Thou,
My sinful soul to win,
Did'st love me first, when I was curs'd,
Did'st love me in my sin !

Should I then love Thee not,
 Who loved'st me so well,
 With every hope of heaven forgot,
 Without a fear of hell ?

Love, as thou loved'st me,
 My King, below, above,
 No hope nor fear, or far or near,
 I only bring my love.

68. REHOBOTH, THERE IS ROOM.

Gen. xxvi. 19—22; St. Luke xiv. 22.

ABRIDGE. C. M.

YE bidden, come—the servants cried—
 For all is ready now,
 He sits at meat whom graveclothes tied,
 With oil He decks His brow.

Come all, not worthy were the few
 That first He bade to stay ;
 They chose the world,—the message flew
 Which called the world away.

Come all—earth's utmost bounds are won--
 To fill the Banquet-Hall ;
 When all that Jesus bids is done,
 There yet is room for all.

No herdsmen at the fountains wait
 To sound the call to strife,
 No Esek there, nor Sitnah's hate
 Beside the springs of Life,

The Land is fruitful, all shall dwell,
 So sunder'd now, in one ;
 The rivers parted at the well
 Shall meet before the Throne.

69. SEARCHING, SEEKING, SAVING.

St. Luke xv. 4—6 ; 8, 9 ; 11—32.

DURHAM. P.M.

SEARCHING, seeking, ever yearning
 For the hidden and the lost,
 Faintest sparks of life discerning,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Spirit, search, Thy candle lighting,
 Ere I quench Thee, ere we part,
 All the doleful creatures * frightening
 From the ruins of my heart !

Saviour, seek Thy lost sheep, straying,
 Tangled in his crown of thorns ; †
 Bear him, on Thy shoulder laying,
 Bind him to Thy Altar's Horns !

See me far, when I have wander'd,
 Father, rising from the grave ;
 All Thy richest gifts I squander'd,
 Make me as Thy poorest slave !

Scarcely saved, and saved in sadness,
 Father, should I feast with Thee ?
 Full must be your cup of gladness,
 Angels, if it gush for me !

* Is. xiii. 21.

† Gen. xxii. 13.

70. JOY IN HEAVEN.

Job xxxviii. 7 ; Luke xv. 7--10.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

THERE was joy in heaven, from sphere to sphere
Peal'd on the crystal chime,
When all the Sons of God stood near,
To watch the birth of time.

There was joy in heaven, o'er field and sky
To hymn the Saviour's birth,
With Glory sung to God on high,
And Peace and Love on earth.

There is joy in heaven, to welcome home
The one lost sheep forlorn ;
One ransom'd soul is joy as whole
As when a world was born.

And when the morning stars shall fall,
What joy before the Throne,
When all are Sons of God, and all
The parted flock are one !

71. DAVID AND BARZILLAI.

2 Sam. xix. 31—39 ; Ps. xc. 10.

WILTS. C.M.

IN blessing parted from the King
By Jordan's brimming wave,
Yet shalt thou hear the City sing
With him beyond the grave.

Thy Monarch's home should yet be thine,
Jerusalem the blest,
Though Gilead's balms in all their calms
Have steep'd that aged breast.*

O birthday crown of fourscore years
Which some with strength attain,—
Vain conquest, to survive with tears,
And more than manhood's pain !

The King that eye shall yet descry
In all His beauty rare ;
To Angel's lute no voice is mute
No ear is listless there.

* Jer. viii. 22.

72. RIZPAH, THE DAUGHTER OF ALAH.

2 Sam. xxi. 10 ; St. John xix. 25, 26.

HEBER. P. M.

BEFORE those bones unshrouded,
On Gibeah's deathful hill,
Beneath the skies unclouded,
Beside the gasping rill,
Watch, lonely mourner, keeping,
With all thy sackcloth spread,
The raindrops of thy weeping,
The harvest of thy dead.

Those gracious tears are winning
The blessing from above,
The sacrifice for sinning,
Bathed with a sinner's love ;
Not yet upon the mountains
Falls there the promised dew ;
Break heart thy sorrow's fountains,
Baptizing them anew.

Lift, lift His Cross, Wood-hewer,
 Draw, draw that water's tears,—
 The latter and the newer,
 The purer rain appears ;
 There droops a sinless Brother
 His sweet atoning Brow ;
 There breaks the Virgin Mother
 A spotless heart below.

73. "IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?"

2 Kings iv. 23, 26.

IRISH. C.M.

As rippled, by the sickle prest,
 The cornfield's crested wave,
 He sank upon the Reaper's breast
 Whose garner is the grave.

O well is it, sweet Child, with thee,
 Soft lies thy drooping head,
 Death's pillow is thy mother's knee,
 Thy bier the Prophet's bed !

'Tis not new moon, nor Sabbath soon,
 No grief the Prophet knows ;
 No new moon now of hope hast thou,
 No Sabbath of repose.

Hold, mother, hold the Man of God,
 Glue there thy sorrow's loss ;
 He wakes not to the Prophet's rod,
 Who sleeps beneath the Cross.

O full are they of healing sweet,
 His Saints, ere Christ appears,
 Ere mourners hold those blessed Feet,
 Or wash them with their tears !

74. ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

1 Kings xvii. 1—18 ; xix. 20.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S. P. M.

STERN remembrancer of error
 With the lightning of thine eye,
 Locking with the key of terror
 All the portals of the sky,

Calling, while the blessing lingers,
 Laving flames on Carmel's steep,
 Ere the cloud with dewy fingers
 Scoops the vapours of the deep ;
 Man of God, no Christ I see,
 What have I to do with thee ?

Earth with fire and blood baptizing,
 Mingling with the gracious rain,
 Then on wheels of flame uprising,—
 Shine upon the mount again ;
 There with wrathful Moses standing,
 Smiting with the vengeful rod,
 Fire from heaven and earth commanding,
 Make thee like the Son of God ;—
 Darkest of the Clouded Three,
 We will build no house for thee !

Cast thy mantle on another,
 Who shall all thy terrors quell,
 Kissing father, kissing mother,
 Ere he bids the world farewell ;
 Like thee only once in cursing,
 When the scoffing sons rebel,
 As the Spirit gently nursing,
 Save when Ananias fell :
 There the Son of God I see—
 Prophet, let me cleave to thee !

Thine the still small voice remaining,
 Chiding Horeb's stormy blast,
 Hushing all the world's complaining,
 When the flaming Law is past ;
 Bidding with the Minstrel's soothing
 All our angry passions cease,
 Soften'd by the Spirit's smoothing
 All to gentleness and peace,*
 Perfect love, without a fear—
 Son of God, I see thee near !

* 2 Kings iii. 15; Gal. v. 22.

75. THE MISSIONARY CHILD.

2 Kings v. 2, 3, 14; St. Matt. xviii. 1—5.

HEBER. P. M.

WHEN, Syria, all thy waters
 Run voiceless to the main,
 The least of Israel's daughters
 Shall rend her captor's chain :

Not for lost home appealing
 Rose that sweet exile's prayer,—
 "O happy land of healing,
 Would God my lord were there!"

Proud disputants for power,
 See whom her God to view,
 Rich in His kingdom's dower,
 Sets in the midst of you!
 With Jordan's washings seven,
 Take, leprous soul defiled,
 Bathed with the dews of Heaven,
 The flesh of that young child!

O blessed childhood's teaching,
 We know not where it strays,
 Beyond the Prophet's preaching,
 Above the Temple's praise!
 Like coral ridges lifting
 Rich streaks of verdure bright
 From sea-waifs idly drifting,
 Or whirl'd by sea-bird's flight.

76. MARTHA AND MARY.

St. Luke x. 38—42; St. John xi. 1; 1 St. Peter v. 7, 10.

“There were in that house two lives, and the very Source of Life. In Martha there was the image of present things, in Mary of things to come.”—
ST. AUGUSTINE, *Fourth Century*.


FRENCH. C.M.

THE Home that Jesus loves there needs
No knocking to prepare,
One sits to hear, one sister pleads
That both may serve Him there.

O happy Home ! two lives are thine,
Beside the Living Heart,
The careful Work, the Word divine,
The good, the better part.

O Mary, at the Fountain's brim
Thou canst not always stay ;
O Martha, cast thy cares on Him
Who casts them all away !

Though freighted with that Heavenly Guest,
Not yet ye touch the shore,
Where they that hear may wholly rest,
And service toils no more.



O parted sisters, Work and Word,
 A sorrow makes ye one ;
 Lest Mary only hear the Lord,
 And Martha serve alone.

77. MARTHA, MARY, AND LAZARUS.

St. John xi. 1—44 ; xii. 1—12.

ST. MICHAEL'S. S.M.

“HE whom Thou lov’st is sick—”
 “O Lord, dost Thou not care ?”
 To those that mourn returning quick,
 Should’st Thou not, Lord, be there ?

“O Lord, had’st Thou been here,
 My Brother had not died ;
 Nor by the bed, nor by the bier
 We saw Thee at our side.”

“O Lord, dost Thou not care
 To rend the stone away,
 And show the secrets hidden there,
 Before the Judgment Day ?”

Still ever at His Feet,
 Meek hearer, art thou found ;
 Nor Martha chid thee from that seat,
 Nor death with graveclothes bound.

And when the Feast is set,
 And sorrow's tumults cease,
 Thy service shalt thou not forget,
 While Martha serves in peace.

78. THE FIRST COCKCROWING.

St. Mark xiv. 68, 72.

St. Ambrose, Fourth Century.

"Aeterne rerum conditor."

SMART'S MORNING HYMN. L.M.

ETERNAL God, Thy Word was light,
 Ere sun and moon ruled day or night,
 The drowsy race of life to time
 With sweet vicissitude of chime.

Hark ! morning's herald winds his horn,
To wake the world ere day is born ;
Night's latest watch with timely blast
To sound, or e'er the night is past.

Lured by that voice the daystar flies
To part the curtain of the skies ;
And sinful visions flee away,
Chased by the breath of coming day.

That cry the anchor'd seaman cheers
Who wish'd for day,* till day appears,
Smote Peter's sin, ere morning grew,
Dissolved with penitential dew.

* Acts xxvii. 29.

79. THE SECOND COCKCROWING.

St. Luke xxii. 60, 61 ; St. Mark xiii. 35.

St. Ambrose, Fourth Century.

"Surgamus ergo strenue."

MORNING HYMN. L.M.

Part of
Blind
revers
indoor

SLEEPERS awake ! the cockcrow's sounds
Twice call the day to duty's rounds ;
To warn us of our plighted troth,
To wake, and then to chide our sloth.

That voice day's earliest hope bestows,
And warms the soul ere morning glows ;
Night's spoiler sheaths his deathful sword,
And lapsing faith regains the Lord.

Turn, Lord, and look ! Thy loving eyes,
Turn'd once, turn him who thrice denies ;
To softest dews night's darkest sins
Melt, ere Thy pardon's day begins.

Daystar within, ere morning break,
Make all my heart to Thee awake ;
Let prayer outstrip the dawning rays,
And life's first whisper'd notes be praise !

80. AN EVENING HYMN.

Ps. iii. 5 ; cxxxix. 11.

St. Ambrose, Fourth Century.

"Deus Creator omnium."

EVENING HYMN. L.M.

O God, who clothed, Creator wise,
With peace the heart, with light the skies ;
The day with joy, the night to steep
With all the blessedness of sleep !

Our limbs, unbound from labour's chain,
O Lord, make fresh for toil again ;
And give our spirits sweet repose,
Or e'er we wake to morning's woes.

Thanks for the day we bring Thee home,
Prayer for the night, ere night is come ;
Both prayer and thanks, for nights, for days,
Shall swell our evening notes of praise.

Our inmost hearts now turn to Thee,
Our voices' only melody ;
Thee first, Thee last, below, above,
Our morning's hope, our evening's love !

81. AN EVENING HYMN.

Cant. v. 2.

St. Ambrose, Fourth Century.

"Ut cum profundae clausurit."

MELCOMBE. L. M.

WITH darkest clouds while daylight's dearth
Shuts out the heaven, and shrouds the earth,
Let Faith its hidden beams display,
And turn the night itself to day.

Let not with sleep my soul be prest,
Let only sin be lull'd to rest ;
Let Faith with holy dews refresh
The fever'd vapours of the flesh.

Stripp'd of the cumbrous robe of sense
Bathe all our soul with innocence ;
Let no insidious foes repair,
To wake one sound of panic there.

Bless soul, or ere the day be lost,
Bless Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Thou Three-in-one, be One with me,
To make me one this night to Thee !

82. CHILDREN IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

St. Matt. xi. 16, 17 ; xviii. 1—20.

WILTS (SIR G. SMART). C. M.

How lightly childhood's footprint falls
On age's flinty way !
Life's changes are its playmates' calls,
The world its holiday.

Yet e'er those children's mirth at eve
Peal'd through the stilly air,
What coils did lurking malice weave
Within that mart of care !

Their only sorrow's moan the while
Their pleasure's pauses brief ;
A sweet caprice their only guile,
To play not, all their grief.

And still the bridal lights flash'd by,
The death-led pageant crept ;
" We piped, ye have not danced," they cry ;
" We mourn'd, ye have not wept !"

E'en children's play meek Jesus heeds,
Who bless'd their Temple cry,
And strung on baby lips the Creeds
Which mock'd the prophet's eye.

To Nature's world, above, below,
He turns His loving face ;
The sparrow's fall, the sunset's glow,
The children's market-place.

With more than empire's glory clothed,
The lilies call'd to prayer ;
But fairer flowers has His betroth'd,
A greater King is there.

O woe, if sinful steps should beat
That path with glory strown !
The stone we cast before those feet
Shall strike their Saviour's Throne.

83. THE SOUL THAT SINNETH.

Ezekiel xviii. 32; John v. 40; 2 Cor. v. 19—21.

WAREHAM. L. M.

“ALL souls are Mine beneath the sky;
The soul that sinneth it shall die:
Whate’er its life, whate’er the past,
One sin unwept is death at last.

But if before the dying day
The sinner casts his sins away,
All his misdeeds will I forgive,
He shall not surely die, but live.

O house of Israel, have I
A pleasure in the souls that die,
Who life and pardon freely give,
Who only bid thee turn and live?

My ways are just, unequal thine;
Thine all for death, for mercy mine;
Thine is the ruin, thine the strife
That will not enter into life.

See God descending in thy frame
To suffer in the sinner’s name;
Thy sins to Him imputed see,
And all His righteousness to thee !”

84. THE SON ALSO SUBJECT.

Psalm cx. 1 ; 1 Cor. xv. 24—28.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

MY Saviour, and is this the end,
To see Thee from Thy state descend ;
When all Thy foes are crouching down,
Wilt Thou Thyself at last discrown ?

When at Thy standard's last display
Death flings his broken spear away ;
And marbled graves have burst to Thee,
O Lord, where is Thy victory ?

The heaven of heavens' unmeasured zone
Should be the footstool for Thy throne ;
Thy realms, undying Lord, should be
All space, Thy reign eternity.

When countless throngs with crowns untold
Are surging like a sea of gold ;
One only brow no wreath adorns,—
The brow which wore the plaited thorns.

Truth, Lord ; with those Thy Glory wins
Thy reign shall end where it begins ;
One with the Father's rule to be,
To make Him all in all to me.

85. JAMES AND JOHN.

St. Mark x. 35—40.

SICILIAN MARINERS. P. M.

JOIN'D in one, ye Sons of Thunder,
When ye call'd the lightning down,
When ye pray'd no time should sunder
Brothers' cross and brothers' crown,
Loving partners, tender-hearted,
On the shore and on the sea,
Why in Judah are ye parted,
Closely link'd in Galilee ?

Come and see your King's enthroning,
Come and bless Salome's prayer :
Fear'd ye, each his thought disowning,
Now to stand together there ?
Purple now, and now the trailing
Cross His bleeding neck adorns ; *
In His hand the reed of railing,
On His brow the crown of thorns !

* Isaiah ix. 6.

Where ye yearn'd to flaunt beside Him,
 Basking in His Kingdom's light,
Hark, blaspheming robbers chide Him,
 On the left and on the right.
Brothers, what ye ask'd ye knew not ;
 What ye ask'd the thief shall see,—
See His Kingdom, while ye sue not,
 Ere they lift Him from the Tree.

O what years, and O what anguish,
 Ere ye meet to part no more,
All outliving John to languish,
 Martyr'd James to go before!
Wider shall the Cross dissever
 Those who there divide the lot ;
Deeper fall its shadows ever
 On the soul which sees it not.

86. THE YOUNG CHILDREN, AND THE
YOUNG MAN.

St. Mark x. 13—22. 2 Kings v. 14.

WILTS. C. M.

Not Abana, nor Pharpar's flood
Could wash one spot from thee,
Nor smooth Adonis, when with blood
He purpled all the sea ; *
But, Syrian, when thy leprous flesh
In Jordan cleansed its stain,
It took the radiance soft and fresh
Of childhood's hues again.

Young man, from Jesus torn apart,
From all His wealth beguiled,
Be born anew, and be in heart
Again a little child :
Though taught from infancy to kneel,
And every law fulfil,
Unwash'd by Him, from head to heel
Thou art a leper still.

* Milton, P. L. i. 446—452. .

O happy child, alone approved,
 And on His bosom blest,
 When e'en the manhood that He loved
 Sinks down with grief opprest;
 The Cross which drags his soul to earth,
 The Crown he will not win,
 Are writ with dewdrops on the birth
 Which wash'd thy soul from sin.

87. ONLY LUKE IS WITH ME.

(FOR ST. LUKE'S DAY.)

 2 Tim. iv. 11.

EATON. L.M.

WHAT, only Luke!—and Demas gone—
 As by the Cross stood only John—
 And all have turn'd, who wept so sore
 That they should see thy face no more,
 Fell on thy neck—O woe the day—
 As Orpah kiss'd, and went away!*

* Ruth ii. 14; Acts xx. 37, 38; 1 Tim. i. 15.

Go, gentle healer of the soul,
 The sick, they need thee, not the whole ;
 They need thee not whose course is done,
 Whose fight is fought, whose crown is won :
 He needs thee most to ease his chain
 Who turns him to the world again.

O twice Evangelist of love,
 Begun below, fulfill'd above,*
 Thy gentle scrolls in pardon meet,
 Like angels at the Mercy-seat ;
 Still brooding o'er the sinner's loss,
 Upon the Throne, athwart the Cross !

O Brother still, when all decline
 Who link'd their loving words with thine,
 Alone, unheeded by the three,
 Was Christ, or Paul bereft of thee ?
 There is Whose love, when all depart,
 Clings closer than a brother's heart.†

* Acts i. 1.

† Prov. xviii. 24 ; 2 Tim. iv. 16, 17 ; St. John xvi. 32.

88. THE WOMAN WHO WAS A SINNER.

St. Luke vii. 36—50. Ps. li. 17.

HEBER. P.M.

FROM sorrow's haunts outdriven
In loneliness to roam,
Much loving, much forgiven,
Come, erring sister, home :
Thy steps no longer dreary
At those loved feet begin,
In all thy wandering weary,
And pierced for all thy sin.

Though scorn's unmoving finger,
Straight pointed at thy heart,
Forbids thee here to linger,
Says what and whence thou art ;
What though he thinks thee harden'd,
He is His debtor too ;
Less sinning and less pardon'd,
He loves Him less than you.

Joy to thy cup of trembling,
 "Thou drunk, but not with wine"! *
 In all that bright assembling
 He has no feast like thine ;
 No alabaster storing
 Thy precious balms appears ;
 No broken heart outpouring
 The spikenard of its tears.

* Is. li. 21, 22.

89. CHRIST THE CORNER-STONE.

(FOR ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE'S DAY.)

Rev. xxi. 9—14 ; Ephes. ii. 20—22.

"Urbs beata Hirusalem."

Eighth or Ninth Century, Authorship unknown.

MANHEIM. P. M.

VISION's peaceful consummation,
 Comes Jerusalem the blest,
 Built with jewels' coruscation
 Twisted into light comprest,
 Comes, attired by holy angels,
 In her robe of glory drest.

Out of heaven from God descending,
 Lo, she comes prepared, the Bride,
 For her spousals never ending,
 Meekly seeks the Saviour's side;
 Seas of molten gold her footsteps
 Bear upon the lucid tide.

Each a pearl, each shining portal
 Points its radiance to the Shrine,
 Where with righteousness immortal
 All His saints their crowns entwine,
 All who for His name have suffer'd,
 Nurturing the life divine.

By His tribulations fitted,
 By His smoothing hand bedeckt,
 Each to other firmly knitted,
 Shine the precious stones elect,
 Framed into a holy temple
 By the heavenly architect.

Christ on either side enfolding
 Girds in one the mighty span,
 Christ the corner-stone upholding
 Either fabric, God in man;
 Seen where Salem shines triumphant,
 Watch'd where Sion's strife began.*

* Sion—that is, “watch-tower”—the Church Militant. Jerusalem—that is, “vision of peace”—the Church Triumphant.

90. THE LORD'S CHASTENING.

Prov. iii. 11 ; Heb. xii. 5—12.

IRISH. C. M.

Who mostly chasten'd most believes
Thy God, my son, approves ;
All whom He chastens He receives,
And chastens whom He loves.

Lift hands and knees, thou fainting soul,
That hang so feebly down ;
Those knees must bear thee to the goal,
Those hands must grasp the crown.

The lifted hands, the knees which met,
Bow'd to His Father's will,
How firmly to the Cross are set,
How bravely climb the hill !

How sweetly sounds the loving rod *
Whose stripes descend to heal !
It is but Bethel's blessing God
Who wrestles at Peniel.

* Micah vi. 9.

O, hold Him to thy heart of hearts,
 Though fainting still and sore,
 Till He who but in blessing parts *
 Shall bless to part no more !

* Genesis xxxii. 26 ; St. Luke xxiv. 51.

91. THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

(FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.)

Hebrews xii. 1, 24 ; St. Luke ix. 34, 35.

ROUSSEAU. P. M.

CLOUD, whose bow the heavens o'erarching
 Mingles with the saintly dust,
 With the myriad angels marching,
 With the spirits of the just,
 Thy surrounding
 Shouts rebounding
 Cheer us onward to the prize ;
 Faith's beginning,
 Glory's winning,
 Only Jesus fills our eyes.

O'er the Seat of Mercy bending
 When the promises were dim,*
 Mounting still, and still descending,
 Angels, from the Glory's brim,
 His Salvation's
 Ministrations,
 While our lamps we darkly trim,
 Sweetly singing,
 Swiftly bringing,
 Show us, worship only Him !

Martyr'd saints whose brows were wrinkled
 With a thousand battles' strife,
 Tender lambs with blood besprinkled
 On the lintel posts of life,
 Better pleading,
 Richer bleeding
 Than the blood of Abel cries,
 From the dying
 Saviour crying
 Pardon earthward from the skies.

* 1 Pet. i. 12.

92. THE CHILDREN OF THE RESURRECTION.

St. Luke **xx.** 27—38.

PASCAL. P. M.

EARTHY, born of earth's affection,
Born anew beneath the sod,
Children of the Resurrection,
Children are ye now of God ;
Dying once to sin before,
Happy Dead ! ye die no more.

Earth, O earth to earth returning,
Spirit still with God illumed,
Meet, O meet, for ever burning
In the body unconsumed,
Living to the Living Head
Of the living, not the dead !

Happy Dead ! ere Sinai's thunder
Splits the shrouded mountain's gloom,
Soul and body rent asunder
Part, to meet at Hebron's tomb ;
Sadducee, thy stinted scroll
Shuts not out the living soul.

Dying still on earth the seven
 Link and loose the parting chain ;
 But they marry not in heaven,
 Where they never die again ;
 In with angels cast their lot,
 Weeping, wasting, dying not.

93. FELLOW-CITIZENS IN HEAVEN.

Phil. iii. 20 ; 1 Cor. xiii. 9—13.

Damiani, Eleventh Century.

"Qui scientem cuncta sciunt."

MOUNT OF OLIVES. P.M.

*Part of
 old poem
 still full*

KNOWING Him who all things knoweth,
 What to them shall not be known ?
 Heart to heart its secrets showeth,
 Lock'd within the fleshly zone ;
 One thing choosing, one refusing,
 One way all their currents fall.

Varied though the Saints' uprightness
 Varies more and more the Crown,
 What she loves in others' brightness
 Charity hath made her own ;
 So one swelling joy's excelling
 Is the common bliss of all.

Where the Body, there the crowded
 Eagles thick their pinions thrust ;
 Serried troops of Angels clouded
 Mingle with the perfect just ;
 One the banner, one the Manna,
 For the Saints of either state.

Feasting has no cloying dulness,
 Hung'ring still they know no pain,
 Close their holy lips for fulness,
 Close, and part them yet again ;
 Ever thronging, ever longing,
 Satisfied, insatiate.

94. THE MIGHTY WORKING.

Phil. iii. 20, 21 ; 1 John iii. 2.

MELCOMBE. L M.

MINE eyes shall in His beauty see
The King who suffer'd shame for me :
And shall my vileness all depart,
When I behold Thee as Thou art ?
The seer himself in dust abhorr'd,
Who heard, and then beheld Thee, Lord ; *
O more than mighty, work divine,
Which makes my flesh resemble Thine !

A double spirit from the skies
He won who saw his master rise ;
Who rent his earthly garb, to wear
The robe that fell from glory there : †
And they whose eyes but pierce the cloud,
With greater works than Thine endow'd,
Shall with that mantle's might again
Smite Jordan's deathful flood in twain.

* Job xlii. 5, 6. † 2 Kings ii. 8—14.

95. CÆSAR'S AND GOD'S.

St. Matt. xxii. 16—21.

Prudentius, Fourth Century.

"Pulchra res ictum sub ense."

VIENNA. P.M.

MARTYRS, in your mantles gory
Folded, when the lictor's knife
Open'd wide the Gates of Glory,
Knocking at the doors of life,
In the Red Sea's parted flood,
In the Baptism of blood!

With His holy image dinted,
With His superscription scroll'd,
Should the Saints of God be minted
With the mark of Mammon's gold?
Sooner with the light divine
Hell should all his shades entwine.

Hypocrites no more men-pleasers,
Quailing at the tyrant's nod,
Now ye give to Cæsar Cæsar's,
Now ye render God's to God;
Body to the Cæsar's sword,
Soul and spirit to the Lord.

96. BLESSINGS AND BEREAVEMENT.

Job i. 21 ; Ps. xc. 3 ; St. Matt. ix. 18—25.

WINCHESTER, NEW. L.M.

THE Lord, He gives—The Lord, He takes ;
He binds in one whate'er He breaks :
A prayer in all thy blessings say,
And bless Him when He takes away ;
Whene'er He gives, He gives the best,
• Whate'er He takes, thou shalt be blest :
He takes thy child with Him to be,
Who gave His only Son for thee.

He turns us to destruction's dust,
Then bids us turn to Him and trust ;
Fear death no more, the worst of ills,
Believe they conquer whom he kills ;
Bids weep no more the eye that weeps—
“ Hush, make no noise, the maiden sleeps : ”
Ah ! Lord, yet He who Martha met
Beside the grave, His cheek was wet.

97. THE HEM OF THE OUTER GARMENT.

St. Matt. ix. 20—22; xv. 21; St. John viii. 3—11; Acts v. 15;
Romans x. 6—11.

“NEARER TO THEE” (F. S. BLOUNT). P.M.

STILL sick and wandering,
Close to the goal,
All thy hopes squandering,
Thou shalt be whole;
Touch Him, and He shall be
Nearer and nearer thee,
Nearer to thee, nearer to thee.

Out of thy Tyrian
Coasts for His crumbs,
Child of the Syrian,
Cry till He comes,
In thy servility,
For thy humility,
Nearer to thee, nearer to thee.

One of a city full
Spares thee alone,
Tender and pitiful,
Lifting no stone,
Poor silent Castaway!
When all have pass'd away,
Nearer to thee, nearer to thee.

Penitent, dumb to Him,
Weeping aloud,
Panting to come to Him
Out of the crowd,
Touch, without doubt of Him,
Healing comes out of Him
Nearer to thee, nearer to thee.

Stand in the shade of the
Cross,—He is there ;
Touch but the braid of the
Garment of Prayer,
Blessings past numbering
Wake from their slumbering,
Nearer to thee, nearer to thee.

Death thy poor muttering
Worship delays,—
Cling to the fluttering
Mantle of Praise,
Heav'n shall appear to thee,
Jesus is near to thee,
Nearer to thee, nearer to thee.

98. THE LIVING BREAD.

St. John vi. 5—14; 31—51.

ST. MICHAEL'S. S.M.

WHENCE shall a man buy bread,
The fainting crowds to bless,
When day is gone, and night comes on
The lonely wilderness?

Not from the deathful waste
With Manna overspread;
Though Angel dew each morn renews,
And turns the stones to bread.

Lord, in thy Father's House
The meanest slave has Bread
Enough to share, and still to spare,
When every soul is fed.

Lord, day by day with bread
Our fainting hearts restore;
The Living Bread which lifts the dead,
Lord, give us evermore!

99. ANDREW AND PETER.

(FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.)

St. John i. 40—42; Gen. iv. 9, 15.

CHINA. L.M.

WITH lightning scorch'd, his soul was hurl'd
A branded vagrant o'er the world,
Whose hand was red with murder's dye,
Whose heart was blacken'd with a lie,—
O wretched doom, too hard to bear,
Sear'd brow, to seal the lip of prayer!—
Who answer'd dying Abel's cry,
“My brother's keeper, Lord, am I?”

Bright when the Day-star's lidded eyes
Droop'd down before the Sun-lit skies,
First-born of Christ, how brightly shine
Thine own Bar-jona's beams with thine!
Where watchful glances never sleep,
To Jesus brought by thee to keep;—*
O first and sweetest Gospel sound,
“Come, Brother, come, the Christ is found!”

* Ps. cxxi. 3—5.

Now partner'd to their ships no more
 They leave their nets, the sea, the shore,
 With Him to wander, worship, pray,—
 Then rush, like parted streams, away,
 A Brotherhood on earth to bind,—
 Their home the world, their kith mankind,—
 Caught up together in the air,
 Each on his cross, to meet Him there.*

* 1 Thess. iv. 17.

100. ST. ANDREW TO HIS CROSS.

(FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.)

Gal. vi. 14.

Venerable Bede, Eighth Century.

"Salve, tropaeum gloriae."

DURHAM. P.M.

"Cross, whereon my Saviour bled,
 Dying to redeem our loss,
 Now with living trophies spread,
 Welcome, welcome, happy Cross !

Sick'ning once with hope delay'd,
 Paling all our hearts with gloom,
 Then a Tree of Life display'd,
 Budding with eternal bloom.*

Cross, thy loving arms' embrace
 Clasps my Saviour to my soul,
 Heaven, to bring us face to face,
 Rending wide from pole to pole.

Where to buy me Jesus died,
 How shall I, poor serf, recline,
 To thy gaging standard tied
 Measure all His love with mine?"

Thus, his cross beholding nigh,
 With its horns athwart the sky,
 Andrew spake,—then doff'd his vest
 Ere they lift him to his rest.

* Prov. xiii. 12; Num. xvii. 10.



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